SATURDAY REVIEW

POLITICS, LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART.

No. 898, Vol. 35.

January 11, 1873.

Registered for Transmission abroad.

Price 6d.

THE EMPEROR NAPOLEON.

BY the peaceful death of the Third NAPOLEON in exile and BY the peaceful death of the Third Napoleon in exile and on the verge of old age one of the strangest careers known to the memory of man has been brought to a close. Every variety of good and bad fortune has been tasted by the late Emperor. Born and brought up as the heir to the First Empire in its height of splendour, he spent his youth and prime in conspiracy, his maturity in reigning, and his closing years in obscurity. And his character had almost as much of inconsistency and inequality as his fortunes. He was the most determined, the most obstinate, and yet the most vacillating and undecided of men. He showed himself now a dreamy enthusiast, now unscrupulous and energetic in action. He believed in himself and in his star as if he had a divine mission, and yet spent many of his years of power in taking He believed in himself and in his star as if he had a divine mission, and yet spent many of his years of power in taking minute precautions against minute dangers. He could think and do great things, but he never thought or acted them out. He won greatness by excessive temerity, and lost it by excessive caution. Bitterly as he disappointed many whose causes he adopted only to relinquish them, he probably disappointed no one so bitterly as himself; for he must have been conscious that he was constantly aiming at more than he accomplished, and that the infirmities of his intellect and character were the real secret of his failure. That he should have succeeded so much secret of his failure. That he should have succeeded so much and so little must have been an enigma to himself as well as to the world. In early life he dared not only to conspire, which is not much, but he dared to be supremely ridiculous; and ridicule is fatal to most men, and to almost every French-man. In 1848 he found that five millions and a half of his man. In 1848 he found that five millions and a half of his countrymen had ceased to laugh at him, and saw in him the best guardian of their dearest interests. When the time came for the final struggle he was fully equal to the emergency. He arranged his plot with secrecy and success, and he executed it with a perfect disregard of honour, justice, and mercy. He forced the Crimean war on France for his own political ends, and he invented the Italian war under the impulse, not only of a calculating ambition, but of his own personal and generous sympathy with Italians. But prudence stayed his hand at Villafranca, and he never afterwards showed more than half a heart in any of his undertakings. He threw away the blood and treasure of France in the absurd Mexican expedition, and then meekly succumbed to the arrogance of the United States, and left MAXIMILIAN to die. He threw away the golden opportunity of mastering Germany offered by the invasion of Denmark, and then had to look on powerless while Sadowa was being fought. He who had astonished and overawed Europe, and on whose mysterious phrases men and nations hung for their fate, dwindled down to intrigues and samell schemes and barterings for little gains and care to see small schemes and barterings for little gains, and came to see himself jockeyed and bullied by BISMARCK. He could less and less, as time went on, make up his mind how to rule at home. Society got first tired of its saviour, then irritated at him, and lastly impertinent to him. He was one day for nothing but the sword and the police, another day he took to crowning the edifice, and offered what he called liberty to his people. He tried Minister after Minister, and none of them his people. He tried Minister after Minister, and none of them would suit him, for none could please a master who never pleased himself. He staked his fortunes on a great final plebiscite to condone and approve of all he had done; he succeeded, and was frightened at the nature of his success. At last he had no resource but a war which he did not wish, and as to the issue of which he had no confidence. He saw his whole administrative system melt down like a palace of ice in the sun of spring; and then came Sedan, captivity, and exile. But defeat and ruin were not his bitterest humiliations. Death would have been sincerely welcomed by him at Sedan; and he was of far too high a type of mind not to bear captivity

with fortitude, and exile with simple calmness. The real culmination of his adversity was reached during the three or four weeks before Sedan, when he flitted about like a sad spectre with this or that body of what had once been his spectre with this or that body of what had once been his troops, with all government passed away from him, with no authority over his generals, and yet possessed of the keenest sense of the irretrievable mistakes he had made, and of the blunders being committed under his eyes. A man who has gone through such a time has known pangs far keener than the pangs of death.

The incidents of the Emperor's life were so striking, and the indications of his character so unmittaked that it is easy.

the indications of his character so unmistakable, that it is easy to seize on the general outlines of his career; but it is impossible at present to do justice to him and to his opponents, to balance the bad and good in his life, or to attempt to fix his balance the bad and good in his life, or to attempt to fix his place in history. There is one test, however, that may fairly be applied to the memory of a man just dead which is of great value. When his death brings all we know of him rapidly and vividly before our minds, is it on the good or on the bad we know of him that we instinctively dwell? There can be no hesitation in saying decisively that it is the good side of the Emperon's life and actions that first occurs to us; and that we have to think and remember in order to belence the good. we have to think and remember in order to balance the good with the bad. His devotedness in friendship, his sublime indifference to defeat, his patient preparation for greatness, seize on us as we think over his early history, before we allow ourselves to smile at the recollections of his silly imitations of his uncle and the absurd eagle of Boulogne. That for twenty years he kept France quiet, gave her a fair share of glory, made her rich, contented, and powerful, and transformed Paris, naturally strikes us as the main thing; while the terrors of the Coup d'Etat, the disasters of Mexico, the audacious jobbery of his d'Etat, the disasters of Mexico, the audacious jobbery of his satellites, and the ruinous exhaustion of the finances of Paris, seem subsidiary and comparatively unimportant. His generous enthusiasm for Italy, and what he did for her, outweigh what he left undone, or what he did to disappoint her; and Magenta and Solferino cover the siege of Rome and his coquetting with the Pore and Mentana. Above all, this exile dying in England appeals strongly to the memories and gratitude of Englishmen. He was probably at one time the only man in France who was in heart the friend of England. He made the English alliance the basis of his policy. He repressed the bitterness against England which at a critical moment threatened to overflow. He treated Englishmen with friendly favour and magnificent hospitality. He abolished passports in favour of Englishmen, and while his own subjects had to wait and be examined as if they were convicts, cockneys proudly stepped by uncontrolled, as if they had been beings of a superior race. He borrowed Free-trade from England, and, against the wishes of his people and their representatives, concluded the Treaty of Commerce, not only as a measure financially beneficial to France, but as a measure financially beneficial to France, but as a measure financially exhrences. ficial to France, but as a means of binding together the two nations by the ties of kindly intercourse. When acknow-ledging all this, we can afford to ignore that the English ledging all this, we can afford to ignore that the English alliance gave him respectability and position in Europe, and was as much dictated by prudence as by anything else. Nor need we care to remember that he or his agents entered into a secret scheme for striking a treacherous blow at English interests by the seizure of Belgium. He was our friend, not a perfect or a faultless friend, but still a friend, hearty and constant; and England has shown its appreciation of his friendship, not only by an admiration and flattery of him while he was successful which sometimes degenerated into obsequiousness, but by an undemonstrative respect to him since he lost his crown, and by sincere regret at his death.

If the interest awakened by the news of the EMPEROR's death is great in England, what must it be in France? However high party spirit may run there, few persons in France,

and still fewer in Paris, can hear without many mingled feelings of the close of a life in which the life of the country, and still more of the capital, seemed at one time to be centred.
Politically, the EMPEROR's death will probably not have any great immediate effect; and perhaps there may even be a sense of relief at the thought that there is one source of danger extinguished. Whatever virtues or recommendations Imperialism may have had, they are not transmissible by mere descent, and among pretenders to a Crown the son of the EMPEROR has nothing to make him prominent. The Second Empire came into existence because the EMPEROR was a very remarkable man, having very special personal qualities that fitted him to aspire to power and to use it. Parties linger on long after the reasons of their existence have ceased, and the few faithful Bonapartists will scarcely endure the dulness of a life destitute of the excitement of plotting in behalf of the dynasty to which they are retached. But an amiable how would be aither the tool of attached. But an amiable boy would be either the tool of a military dictator or the plaything of a constitutional Ministry; and, in either case, his rule would be entirely unlike that of NAPOLEON III. So completely must Imperialism, in the phase in which France has recently been used to it, perish with its author, that the interest felt in the career of the Empire will rapidly become historical and not political. To Frenchmen capable of reflection and of an impartial survey of France this historical interest will increase rather than diminish as time goes on. There is no question that can have so deep an importance to them as the question how it was that the Second Empire was so long and so brilliantly successful. In England there is too much readiness to supply the answer, and to say that the reason is that the French were fit for nothing better. In fact the excessive admiration felt for the EMPEROR at one time in England sprang largely from an insular contempt for foreigners; and men who would have thought the free use of the bayonet and wholesale exportations to Cayenne, and government by policemen and priests and préfets, abominable and intolerable if applied to Englishmen, calmly pronounced them exactly suited to the French, just as Scripture used to be quoted complacently in the United States to prove that Gop intended all black people to be slaves. Frenchmen will naturally hold a different language; and, distracted as France is, the best sign of the times is the general desire to show that France is fit for something much better than the Second Empire. But, to show this, something more than abuse of the Second Empire is needed; and if the judgment of posterity pronounces that the Second Empire was a brilliant but unfortunate episode in the history of France, we may be sure that it will also pronounce that many of the faults and wices of the government of the EMPEROR were to be attributed quite as much to the ruled as to the ruler.

PRIMOGENITURE AND COMPULSORY SUBDIVISION.

M. MILL and Mr. Beight have probably the same different parts of the controversy on land. Mr. Cobden's essay on compulsory subdivision may be supposed to express Mr. Beight's opinion on the expediency of reversing the law and practice of England. Two or three weeks ago Mr. Lowe in his speech at Swindon ridiculed Loed Salisbury's suspicion that the Government meditated a general and minute subdivision of land. For the present intentions of the Cabinet Mr. Lowe is able to answer; but Mr. Gladstone's future policy has often been indicated a year or two in advance by the late President of the Board of Trade. It is almost an allowable figure of speech to assert, with Lord Salisbury, that the Government is about to do whatever Mr. Bright wishes to be done. Nine years ago Mr. Cobden, even when he composed an elaborate argument in favour of the French system, oddly remarked that no one, as far as he knew, proposed to introduce the same law into England. Since that time revolutionary projects of all kinds have become familiar; and Mr. Bright perhaps intends to re-enter public life as the advocate of a scheme for the abolition of the landed gentry and of the class of tenant-farmers. Mr. Mill contents himself for the present by answering the recondite arguments of certain theorists who are inclined to discountenance any modification of the existing law on the ground that the strength of landowners would increase with their numbers. There is no doubt that, as Mr. Mill and his friendly antagonists concur in believing, the subdivision of property in France offers an insurmountable impediment to the adoption in that country of the wild projects which are from time to time advanced at Lausanne or Geneva. It is utterly

useless to argue with four or five millions of French peasants in the hope of convincing them that the world would be better and happier if their little properties were administered for the general good by a benevolent Government. Discussion is not in their line, but a disputant who expressed their unconscious conviction would only reply that they care nothing about the improvement of the world, and that they will speedily dispose of any philanthropic intruder who meddles with their land. Three years ago they voted almost unanimously in favour of an absolute Sovereign who had earned shooting them down in the streets; and when M. Gambetta, who may perhaps sometimes talk Socialism to artisans, addresses a rural population, he is above all things careful to assure them that the Republic will preserve their property.

Mr. Mill meets the objections of his Communist friends by stating his opinion that the so-called Nationalization of the land is too remote a probability to be considered in deciding on a course of political action. He would himself greatly prefer the introduction of small freeholds to the present practice, and he regards primogeniture both as unjust to younger children, who are partially disinherited, and as the basis of hereditary aristocracy. As Mr. Mill considers that the abolition or restriction of entails would not tend largely to increase the number of small proprietors, there can be no doubt that he supports the measures which are likely to be introduced by the Government, almost exclusively as steps to an entire change in the distribution of landed property.

It is surprising that an able and accomplished reasoner should attach any importance to the argument of supposed injustice inflicted on younger children. In a country where descent into a lower social rank is felt as one of the most indescent into a lower social rains is left as one of the most in-tolerable of hardships, the custom of primogeniture is the only possible security for the continuance of families in the position which their founders have attained. Experience shows that the owner of a considerable fortune for the most part exerts himself to provide for his younger sons in pro-fessions not inconsistent with their habits and pretensions, and probably in a majority of cases all his descendants during two or three generations contrive to maintain their rank as gentlemen. It would be much more plausible to contend that primogeniture is injurious to the elder or younger sons of others than to cultivate an entirely gratuitous compassion for its immediate victims. The class of compassion for its immediate victims. The class of idlers living on petty incomes is less numerous in England than in France, notwithstanding the smallness of the patrimony which is commonly inherited by cadets. If all the members of families which are practically affected by primogeniture were consulted, there can be little doubt that, with few exceptions, they would approve of the maintenance of the custom. The strong feeling of the injustice of unequal division which prevails in France is founded on the experience of previous subdivision. It might be unjust, as it parently inconvenient, to leave to the eldest son the whole of a petty freehold, unless the younger brothers had found means to support themselves in some suitable occupation; yet the old freeholders of England habitually kept their estates undivided; and they are now gradually disappearing, not because they have been converted to the French theory, but in consequence of the increasing sacrifice of income to which all landowners are compelled to submit. Even in those parts of Kent where gavelkind has been established in case of intestacy from time immemorial, many small freeholds still exist which can only have been preserved by a deliberate adoption of the practice of primogeniture.

Mr. Mill himself probably attaches more importance to the undeniable tendency of primogeniture to create and maintain an aristocratic class than to the imaginary grievance supposed to be inflicted on younger children. Mr. Cobden and Mr. Bright never concealed their antipathy to the social superiority and political influence of the English landowners. As an ardent admirer of the Imperial system, Mr. Cobden naturally expatiated on the attachment of the small French freeholders to order; and he perhaps willingly tolerated their notorious and entire indifference to liberty. According to Mr. Cobden the peasants were, through their Imperial representative, saviours of that society which has, since Mr. Cobden's death, found it necessary to save itself with the aid of the army of Versailles. M. Renan, who knows the French peasantry better than Mr. Cobden, has lately published his impressions of the political blessings which follow from the subdivision of the land, and from the practical extinction of the rural aristocracy. During the war the typical Frenchman of the country districts was indifferent to the misfortunes

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of the country, except when they directly affected himself and his neighbours; and in ordinary times his only preference is for the candidate who can persuade him that he will either reduce taxation or promote local improvements at the expense of the State. M. RENAN, who can scarcely be regarded as a bigoted Conservative, has only one theoretical remedy to propose for the decadence which in his opinion has already commenced; and he candidly confesses that the treatment which he hypothetically recommends is absolutely impracticable. In M. RENAN's opinion, patriotism, public spirit, and general cultivation might perhaps be revived and promoted if only it were possible to renounce equality, and by the partial consolidation of small properties to establish in parts of the country a middle and an upper class; or, in other words, to copy the institutions which Mr. Mill and Mr. Bright are impatient to demolish in England. It is not necessary to insist on an acceptance of the doctrines of M. Renan or of any other theorist; but a writer who defies popular prejudice furnishes some evidence of the sincerity of his convictions; and it is well to remember that there is another side to the question of peasant ownership. It is not a cause for regret that Mr. Mill and Mr. Bright should direct attention to the ulterior consequences which alone would make an alteration in the present law of primogeniture valuable to one party or dangerous to the other. It is now scarcely disputed that the existing law of intestacy corresponds to the intentions which would, in the majority of cases, have been formed by the deceased owner of land. Any change in the law will be inoperative, except as far as it forms a precedent or a pretext for much more sweeping legislation. If Mr. COBDEN had believed in his own curious assertion that no one meditated an alteration in the law, he would scarcely have troubled himself to collect evidence in favour of compulsory subdivision. His statement that the net produce of land is greatest in small farms is not even true of Flanders; and it s, as the Duke of Somerser lately stated, notoriously untrue in France. England with its primogeniture, its entails, and all the other pretended impediments to cultivation, produces larger returns in proportion to the outlay than any other country.

The revolution which would be effected by the adoption of Mr. Cobden's theories would be startling in its magnitude. After the lapse of fifty years both country gentlemen and large tenant farmers would, with few exceptions, have ceased to exist. Whether it would be for the interest of manufacturers and other capitalists to become the sole objects of popular envy and cupidity may be advantageously considered by less passionate partisans than Mr. Conden and Mr. Bright. It is not found that in France the law of compulsory subdivision has tended to promote harmony and good will between the rich and the poor. Perhaps the cotton-spinners may enjoy the privilege of being the last to be devoured; and the farmer will undoubtedly perish before them. It is scarcely prudent in democratic missionaries to avow their ulterior objects at the moment when, like Mr. TREVELYAN, they are exerting themselves to sow discord between landlords and tenants. It must be perfectly obvious to any intelligent farmer that the French law of succession would cut up all England, after the pattern of France, into little patches of land to be cultivated by the freeholder without hired assistance. There would be no question of compensation for unexhausted improvements or of fixity of tenure, for there would no longer be, as a general practice, either landlord or tenant. farmers have already been warned that, in Mr. GLADSTONE'S opinion, the county representation which, since the establishment of secret voting, is no longer controlled by the landlords, ought as soon as possible to be transferred exclusively to the agricultural labourers, who would form the majority of the new constituencies. The farmers are now told by Mr. BRIGHT, who is indirectly confirmed by Mr. Mill, that the democratic party think it expedient to substitute spade labour in petty freeholds for the more elaborate methods of cultivation which are peculiar to England. Perhaps it may be some consolation to cynical landowners that they are not destined to fall

M. THIERS ON THE LAST DAYS OF THE EMPIRE.

THERE is no part of the evidence collected by the Parliamentary Commission appointed to inquire into the history of the late war more interesting in itself, or calculated to throw more light on the character of French parties, than that which relates to the time of feverish excitement which prevailed between the receipt of the news of Sedan and the Revolution of the 4th of September. M. There more especially gives a sketch of what happened within his own know-

ledge, which for liveliness and pregnancy is not surpassed in st parts of his historical writings. He had been apthe best parts of his historical writings. He had been appointed one of the Deputies who, with a certain number of Senators, Ministers, and Generals, were to form the Council of the Defence of Paris; and he took the greatest trouble to see that the most was being made of the fortifications of which he was the author, although he all along strongly insisted that, unless the army of MacManon was recalled to take part in the defence, instead of being sent to relieve BAZAINE, the design of the fortifications could not be carried out, and the defence must necessarily proveunsuccessful. On Thursday, September 1, the day when the battle of Sedan was fought, the Council of Defence held, as usual, an evening sitting, and M. Thiers was expressing his usual, an evening sitting, and M. THIERS was expressing his views with much energy, when M. JEROME DAVID gave him a mysterious hint to desist, as he had a private communica-tion to make to him. M. Thiers obeyed the hint, left off speak-ing, and soon afterwards the Council broke up at one o'clock in the morning. When M. Theres was in the street outside, M. Jerome David joined him, and informed him that the Emperor was a prisoner, and MacMahox mortally wounded. Overcome with the news, M. Theres prolonged his walk, and for a long part of the night the pair paced up-and down the Bridge of Solferino. M. JEROME DAVID was not there, however, solely to impart bad news; he came to prepare the way for overtures from the EMPRESS to M. Thiers, and at three in the morning a note was sent by M. Mérimée, a devoted friend of the EMPRESS, stating that he would call on M. THIERS the next day. At five M. THIERS started to inspect the fortifications, and on his return he was visited by M. MÉRIMÉE, who announced that he was authorised by the EMPRESS to ask for the advice of M. THIERS. veteran statesman was too prudent to commit himself, and pointed out that he could not say what was to be done without becoming the Minister of the EMPRESS, which was out of the question. On Saturday Prince METTERNICH renewed the application, and met with the same answer. But at the same time that he received these flattering solicitations from the Imperial family, he received solicitations equally flattering from the leaders of the Left, to which he responded cautiously, but much more warmly. The Revolution was, they urged, inevitable, if not already accomplished, and patriotism bade M. Thiers to place himself at its head. He absolutely declined to accept the position assigned to him, but he indicated what was the course that, in his opinion, should be taken. His scheme was to make use of what he terms the repenting Corps Législatif, get it at once to declare the throne vacant, procure an armistice, enact an electoral law, and dissolve itself so as to make way for an Assembly specially called to decide on the destinies of France. Assembly specially called to decide on the destinies of France. The leaders of the Left did not openly assent, but neither did they dissent. They simply waited. M. There is quite positive that they did not conspire, or in any way force on the Revolution. The Imperialists were equally inactive. There seems to have been a half-formed project among some of them to organize a new coup détat, and arrest possibly M. There simple light dangerous. But the evidence distinctly shows that the specially dangerous. But the evidence distinctly shows that the Council of Ministers never entertained or discussed the proposition. It was only a vague scheme of persons who had neither the means nor the resolution necessary to carry it out. Friday and Saturday thus passed away; the EMPRESS thinking of France more than of her family, and turning in despair to the man whom she thought capable of saving the country. The Left not providing revolution of saving the country; the Left not provoking revolution, but thinking it inevitable; the Imperialists utterly dismayed and cowed, without resolution or capacity, or schemes bad or good; and M. Thiers courted and looked up to by every one, and with the incontestable superiority of having a definite aim before him.

Although the EMPRESS must have known the general result of the battle of Sedan on the evening of the 1st, and although many persons in Paris knew on the 2nd what had happened, it was not until the afternoon of the 3rd that the Ministers were called together by the EMPRESS to receive official information of the disaster. Every one agrees that the EMPRESS exhorted her advisers to think only of France, and not of the dynasty; and a proposal that she should leave Paris and fix the seat of her Government in some provincial town was rejected on the ground that it might lead to a civil war. The resolution to which the Ministry came was that a proposal should be made to the Assembly by which the Count of Palikao should be made Lieutenant-General of the Empire, the Assembly should appoint an Executive Commission, and the EMPRESS should have no other

power left her than that of approving the choice of the Assembly. The early hours of the sitting of the Assembly on the Sunday morning were consumed in debating this proposal and comparing it with that of M. Thiers, which was ultimately adopted. It was the delay caused by the discussion of this incorporation proposal that according to M. Thiers. of this inopportune proposal that, according to M. Thiers, was the real cause of the success of the Revolution. M. Jerome David, an ardent Imperialist, declared before the Commission that, even after he had two years to think over the matter, he could not see any difference between the proposal of the Ministry and that of M. Thiers. But the difference was vital; and although honest Bonapartists might have thought their proposal the only possible one as they have thought their proposal the only possible one, as they could not abandon the dynasty, yet it is obvious that the proposal of the Ministry was meant to maintain the Empire, while that of M. Thiers treated it as at an end. If the proposition of M. THIERS had been carried at an early hour, and immediately made public, the Assembly would have anticipated the Revolution by declaring the Empire at an end, would have assumed a legal authority that would probably have been recognized, and might perhaps have made way for have been recognized, and might perhaps have made way for a new Assembly that would have terminated the war. But while the details of the proposal were being considered in the Bureau to which they were referred, and M. Thiers was just putting the finishing strokes to his draft, the crowd burst in, and the Assembly broke up. The leaders of the Left went to the Hôtel de Ville, and there accepted or seized on the functions of a new Government. M. Thiers throughout speaks in a tone of the greatest friendliness towards the leaders of the Left. In his eyes, after the folly of the Bonapartists had made impossible the only true plan for the safety and good of the country—that of concentrating all power for and good of the country-that of concentrating all power for the moment in the Assembly-it was the course taken by the leaders of the Left, and that alone, that preserved Paris from then and there falling under the dominion of the Commune. It is true that by a concurrence of unfortunate circumstances the Chamber was left unprotected by soldiers, and this led to the total absence of all resistance which the mob experienced. Whether this was the result of an unlucky mistake, as M. Thiers suggests, or was the fault of General Trochu, as the Bonapartist witnesses plainly declare, is not now of very great importance. The essential point is that the opportunity of anticipating the Revolution was lost, because the Bonapartists, from natural and honourable motives, could not bear to seem to be giving up the Empire altogether, while the EMPRESS, though sincerely anxious to consider nothing but the interests of France, could not be expected to insist herself on abdicating without the step being suggested to her as necessary in the interests of the country.

M. THIERS, after the Government of September was formed, retired to his beloved studies, as he tells us, and fondly hoped that he might be left undisturbed. But this was not to be, and that appeal was made to his patriotism which led to his going the round of Europe in search of support for France. In the short time—it was only two days and a half—that elapsed between his receiving the news of Sedan and his finding a Revolution of which he disapproved successful, he showed quite enough of the real bent of his mind and character to make it clear what would be his course in any moment of emergency. It is this that connects these historical memorials with current What M. THIERS tried to do and to avoid doing then, he has tried to do and to avoid doing ever since. He then found himself lifted into eminence because Bonapartists and Republicans both needed him, and both were willing to purchase his support on almost any terms. He kept aloof from both, striving to establish something in the way of a Government, that would do for the moment. in the way of a Government that would do for the moment engage the attention of the nation, and preserve the general respect for legal authority. He was inclined to spare the vanquished Imperialists as much as possible, and he always spoke of the EMPRESS with the utmost respect. On the other hand, he was on the most friendly terms with the leaders of the Left, and now speaks of them as of persons who rendered France a great service. But he meant, if he could, to get the Imperial dynasty quietly out of the way, and to keep the reins of government in the hands of men accustomed to administration, but whose political principles were far aloof from those of the supporters of the Left. He acted then, in short, very much as he is acting now. He made use of a repentant Corps Législatif just as he does now. He is willing to be on fairly good terms with the Right so long as he can keep them from being outrageous and fanatical. At the same time he let it be clearly understood that the leaders of the Left were so far from being Communists that they were the saviours of Paris from the Com-

munists. Thus, useful to all parties, and polite and conciliatory even to those who opposed him, he nevertheless, partly by adroitness, partly by superior insight into affairs, kept himself clear of the blunders into which others were falling, and placed before himself a definite and practicable aim, although the aim was but the temporary one of getting France to adopt a policy that would enable it to surmount a special crisis. It is scarcely too much to say that, whatever might have been said of M. There then may be said of him now, although the parties with which he has to deal, and the crisis which he is endeavouring to help France to surmount, are obviously of a very different character.

THE WELSH COLLIERS' STRIKE.

THE strike of the ironmasters' colliers in South Wales has happily up to the present time not been accompanied either by disturbance of order or by violation of contract. It is not disputed that the men had a right to leave the pits in preference to accepting the proposed reduction of wages by ten per cent. It seems to be assumed that their determination is approved by the thirty thousand or forty thousand iron-workers who are thrown out of work by the discontinuance of the supply of coal; and the colliers are entitled to act exclusively with reference to their own interests, even if their refusal to work indirectly affects the interests of their neigh-bours. Even if it were clear that the strike was unjust to the employers or to any other class, it would be useless to treat a conflict of forces as a subject for moral reflections. It is much more certain that the strike is a misfortune than that it involves any culpability on either side. The Welsh ironmasters will lose profits corresponding to a payment of wages which cannot have been less than 100,000/. per week; and the consumers, who must draw their supplies from other districts, will find that diminished production is represented by increase of price. It seems that the majority of the colliers will for the present receive from their Union a sufficient allowance to secure them against extreme want; but the iron-workers, having for the most part no reserve funds, must depend in great measure on the voluntary liberality of Trade Unions. The whole social economy of the district will be deranged, or rather paralysed, by the stoppage of the payments on which the miscellaneous population depended for subsistence. It is not surprising that the shopkeepers who supply the wants of the workmen should be alarmed at the strike, although their offer to mediate between the contending parties was unauthorised and useless. The promoters of the strike hold out to the men hopes of finding ready employment in other parts of the country, and large numbers have already gone either to the steam-coal pits or into England in search of work. It remains to be seen whether the Council of the Miners' Association, which has through its Chairman actively encouraged the strike, represents the feeling of the general mining population. The colliers in all parts of the country have for more than a year exerted themselves to restrict as far as possible the output of coal, by refusing to work for more than three or four days in the week. It will be not a little surprising if they welcome the arrival in their respective districts of hundreds or thousands of skilled competitors who had up to this time worked for the South Wales ironmasters. Perhaps it may be cheaper to admit new workmen into the pits than to maintain them in idleness by levies on their own wages. It is not known whether the masters will offer any impediment to arrangements which tend to the success of the struggle against other employers.

There is nothing more remarkable than the docile unanimity with which large bodies of workmen invariably submit to the dictation of their leaders. In Trade Unions, as in political communities, large democratic bodies seem to be incapable of independence or originality, although they exert the vigour in action which results from discipline or passive obedience. A deliberative body not reduced to impotence by equality and universal suffrage would certainly have paused before it resolved on the dangerous experiment of closing the South Wales iron works. The statements which had been made by the masters were, greatly to the credit of the men, accepted with little hesitation as probably true, but a few words from the recognized leaders were sufficient to confirm a resolution which had been originally formed on the opposite assumption. It had appeared from published returns that the condition of the trade was highly prosperous, and that the proposal to reduce wages was consequently inequitable; but the masters assured a deputation of miners that the published figures were incorrect; and they offered to allow an inspec-

tion of their books in proof of their assertion. The delegates admitted that, if the statements of the masters were true, the admitted that, if the statements of the masters were true, the reduction would be justifiable; but they alleged, with some plausibility, that miners would not be able to understand commercial accounts, and they ultimately insisted that the questions in dispute should be submitted to arbitration. The masters rejoined by a refusal to adopt a practice which, according to their statement, had failed in the Northern districts; and, on the report of the delegates, a general meeting, at the instigation of the leaders, at once determined to persevere in the strike which had been projected before a doubt was thrown on the accuracy of the published returns. No serious attempt was made to effect a reasonable compromise by inducing the masters to allow an inspection of their books by skilled accountants, whose inquiries might have been confined to the single point in dispute. It appears that the miners themselves entertained no serious doubt of the accuracy of the masters' statement, although the Chairman of the Miners' Association, who seems to have been the principal promoter of the strike, advised the men not to accept the assertion, of the strike, advised the men not to accept the assertion, which he described as the masters' ipse dixit. If the proceedings are accurately reported, the momentous decision to precipitate a rupture appears to have been adopted on the assumption of the falsehood of a statement which the bulk of the meeting believed to be true. In all such disputes there are elements familiarly known to both parties to which it is deemed inexpedient or unnecessary to refer in public discussion. A rumour that the workmen desire to ascertain the state of the masters' accounts during the last seven years suggests an explanation of the refusal of the men to accept the offer of inspection, and of the unwillingness of the masters to submit their books to professional examination. Mr. Halliday, while he repudiates any desire examination. Mr. HALIDAY, while he repudiates any desire to open up the accounts for seven years, admits that the miners proposed to investigate the whole of the books for one year. Their object was probably to prove that, although prices may now have been reduced, the profits of the early part of the year ought to be set off against the results of the results of the profits of the profits of the profits. An entirely different issue had present state of the market. An entirely different issue had been raised by the men when they resisted the ten per cent. reduction, on the authority of the published returns. Mr. HALLIDAY'S demand is consistent with the accuracy of the HALIDAY'S demand is consistent with the accuracy of the statement made by the masters, and it involves the principle that after a season of prosperity employers ought in certain cases to continue their undertakings at a loss. It sometimes happens that preliminary negotiations are conducted, not for the purpose of effecting a settlement, but as manœuvres by which both parties endeavour to place their adversaries in the wrong. When employers on the eve of a struggle find that their workmen are directed by professional agritators they have good reason for suspecting professional agitators, they have good reason for suspecting that overtures for compromise are not likely to lead to any useful result. The summary decision of the public meeting had evidently been arranged beforehand by the leaders; and possibly the masters may have previously ascertained that the strike was inevitable in default of their withdrawal of the notice of reduction.

At their interview with the delegates some of the iron-masters remarked that, in consequence of the falling off of workmanship, a larger quantity of pig-iron than formerly was now used in making a ton of rails. It seems also to have been hinted that high wages had led to idle habits and to increased intemperance. A Baptist preacher, who afterwards addressed the meeting of miners, indignantly protested against an imputation on a body of men whom he so deeply loved and Sectarian eloquence is naturally regardless of facts; and the colliers themselves are more candid than their over-zealous advocate. If the Welsh colliers have not idled longer and drunk more during their season of prosperity, either they must have been more industrious and more temperate than the members of the same class in England and Scotland, or employers and disinterested observers must have been engaged in a wanton and general conspiracy to calumniate the whole mining population. It is true that colliers, like other men, are free to work at their choice, and to spend their earnings as they please; nor would it have been judicious on the part of the masters to make censorious remarks on the private conduct of the workmen; but, if it is true that the quality of the work has declined, the deterioration bears directly on the amount of profits, and therefore on the proposed reduction of wages, although the charge is brought, not against the colliers, but against the iron-workers. Any deficiency or irregularity in the supply of coal to the works would also be material to the controversy. Unless there are peculiar conditions which affect mining labour in South Wales, the colliers might, if

they thought fit, increase their incomes by working for a longer time in the week; but in this respect, as in other natters, they have a power, and therefore a right, to exercise their own discretion. It is certain that they would refuse to refer to arbitration the question whether they should work every day in the week. The masters in their turn have probably good reasons for declining an indefinite jurisdiction which is vague without being exhaustive. There are perhaps cases in which arbitration may be suitable for the determination of some simple issue between employers and workmen;

hation of some simple issue between employers and workmen; but until a fixed proportion of wages to capital and profits has been established by common consent, it will be impossible to conduct industrial operations under quasi-judicial control.

The South Wales strike, if it proceeds, will probably throw some light on the vexed question of the advantage or disadvantage to workmen of such proceedings. Many economicts have been advantaged to the succession of mists have shown plausible reasons for believing that more is lost by interruption of labour than is on the average gained by the additions to wages which sometimes result from strikes. If the South Wales miners and iron-workers with their families depended wholly on trade contributions for their support, the funds of the Union, even with the aid of the voluntary contributions which may be expected, would not be sufficient to maintain them for many weeks; and the funds which will necessarily be expended have been accumulated by payment of a percentage on their former earnings. As a large number of the men will probably find employment either in the Welsh steam collieries or in the English iron districts, the burden on the funds of the Union will be proportionally diminished, and the men who find work will subscribe towards the maintenance of their less fortunate companions; but it may be confidently asserted that the cost to the men and to the Union of the strike will enormously exceed the amount of ten per cent. on three months' mously exceed the amount of ten per cent. on three months' wages. The consumer, who will be the ultimate sufferer, is naturally treated with equal contempt by masters and workmen. In trade conflicts, as in war between nations, the principle at stake may sometimes be worth a heavy sacrifice; and perhaps the knowledge that strikes are possible may on the whole have the effect of raising or sustaining the general rate of wages. If the more direct results could be accurately compared with the expense incurred, the balance would almost certainly be against the Unions; and there can be little doubt that the South Wales Unions; and there can be little doubt that the South Wales miners and iron-workers will suffer by their decision, though they will have the satisfaction of causing heavy loss to their masters, and of raising still further the price of iron and of coal, at the expense of the general community.

THE ASSEMBLY AND THE THIRTY.

THE National Assembly met again on Monday. The perfect quiet which France has enjoyed during the recess may convey a useful lesson to the Conservative leaders. They are exceedingly fond of representing themselves as the only safeguard of public tranquillity. Were they to leave the only sateguard of public tranquility. Were they to leave the country in the grasp of the President, his desire to conciliate the Radicals would lead to the overthrow of law and order, of family purity and religious belief. It is essential, therefore, that his hands should be securely tied, and that his Ministers should be men whom the Right can absolutely trust. The Christmas holidays interrupted them in the search for a set of fetters which should answer this indispensable purpose. three weeks M. Thiers has had everything his own way. He has held official receptions in Paris, and betrayed his revolutionary sympathies by talking to M. GAMBETTA at an evening party. The nature of the case would seem to require that throughout this interval the country should have been extremely uneasy. Its natural protectors were keeping Christmas in their own homes, while the President was exchanging civilities with men who do not believe in a Conservative Ruler of the Universe, and would like to dine off roast priest. Here was an occasion for conspiracies of every kind. It is doubtful whether, on their own showing, the majority ought to have consented to an adjournment; whether they cught not to have outwatched the stars even at Christmas, in order to save France from the Radicals. Their omission to do this ought at all events to have condemned their conthis ought at all events to have condemned their constituents to a fortnight of irrepressible anxiety. Instead of this, the French people seem decidedly more at their case when the Assembly is not sitting. It is when the Assembly meets again that they grow uncomfortable. The chiefs of the majority will be loth to draw the inference which they ought to draw from this curious contradiction. They would like to go on making disturbances in the interests

of public tranquillity, and unsettling even the little that can called established in France in the interests of social order. They believe themselves, as we learn from M. DE LARCY, to be the objects of a special divine protection, and their idea of the objects of a special divine protection, and their idea of making the most of this advantage is to use it to weaken the authority and influence of the powers that be. It is probable, however, that Providence will be better to them than they deserve, and will once more temper their valour with the discretion that is born of irresolution. The leaders of the Right would like to believe that the good sense of the Chamber is altogether identified with their noliev: that whatever they decree to be necessary for their policy; that whatever they decree to be necessary for the maintenance of law and religion will be accepted without question by all who profess and call themselves Conservatives. But they can hardly avoid seeing that there is very little of this uncalculating submission in the ranks of the majority. Though they can command an occasional triumph, they can-not trust their own supporters. An alternative theory of Conservative duty challenges their allegiance at every turn; and if their first thoughts are with the Right, their second thoughts are sure to gravitate towards the Centre. They see a Government which has proved its strength by putting down a formidable insurrection, and its moderation by acting in harmony with the Assembly so long as the Assembly was acting in harmony with the country. They see that this Government has attracted to itself an amount of support which gives it a better chance of maintaining its ground than any rival can at present hope to command. They see Republicans drawn to it by the frankness with which it has christened itself Republican. They see men who have hitherto been at heart Monarchists drawn to it by the fact that it gives them the essentials which are all that they have really valued in Monarchy. They see that the desire of the Right is to prevent this Government from consolidating itself any further, to allow a time of exceptional quiet to pass away unused rather than allow its fruits to be gathered in for the benefit of the Republic. They know that among their nominal guides are some who have an obvious motive for counselling delay. They can understand that the partisans of fallen dynasties are not likely to look with composure upon a settlement which commits the work of restoring tranquillity to France to other hands than theirs. It is hardly possible that, when these ideas have once rooted themselves in their minds, they should not breed distrust and apprehension. If they allow the leaders of the Right to wield the whole strength of the Conservative party in the Assembly, have they any security that they will wield it for Conservative as distinguished from dynastic ends? The two are, not necessarily identical; on the contrary, they are in some respects plainly opposed to one another. Nothing could be more discouraging to a Restoration, whether Legitimist or Orleanist, than the discovery that all the material and social advantages which had been expected from it had already been obtained under a Republic. Conse-quently the nearer a Republican Government comes to securing these advantages, the more eager will conscientious Monarchists be to prevent its definitive establishment. Men who believe that the only hope for France is in a Restoration will naturally be anxious to save their countrymen from being deceived by appearances. The more successful the Republic is in disguising itself as an angel of light, the more incumbent it is upon them to make it appear in its real character. There must be many men amongst the nominal majority arrayed against M. THIERS who have been, or will be, majority arrayed against M. THIERS who have been, or will be, led by these considerations to question their own wisdom in strengthening the hands of the Right. Whether they do or do not succeed in influencing the action of the Committee of Thirty, they can hardly fail to influence, or rather to determine, the action of the Assembly to which the Report of this Committee will be addressed. If a consciousness of this fact can be infused into the Committee, some trouble and some scandal may be saved; and for this trouble and some scandal may be saved; and for this reason M. Theres will probably go on preaching compromise and conciliation whenever he can gain a hearing. But he can hardly feel much anxiety as to the ultimate event, even if his counsels are altogether disregarded. The Thirty may recommend the Assembly to keep the government of the country in its present provisional and unsettled state, rather than allow it to be consolidated under the guidance of Con-servative Republicans. But the Assembly will probably con-sider that the bird in the hand which M. Thiers holds out to them is worth any two which can be offered by the partisans of the rival pretenders.

It would not be surprising if, under these circumstances, the majority of the Committee should try to borrow M. TRIERS'S strategy, and to keep the present state of things in

being, not by refusing to recommend a substitute, but simply by delaying to produce one. Two draft Constitutions have already been laid before the Second Sub-Committee, and if the details of these projects are to be properly considered, there details of these projects are to be properly considered, there is no reason why the deliberations of the Thirty should not be extended over the rest of the Session. There would be a cortain ingenuity about this policy which might make it attractive in the eyes of politicians who felt assured that a bolder line would fail of its object. So long as the Committee is sitting M. Thiers will desire to make his conduct of affairs as palatable as possible to the party which it represents. It is not until it has finally reported against him that he will care to throw away a chance of bringing it to report in his favour. For the rest of the Session, therefore, the good will of the Executive is assured, and, with the prospects of Monarchy so desperate as they now appear, a six months' reprieve is worth playing for. The chapter of accidents may have little in store, but when there is nothing else to trust to, it is well not to close it a moment earlier than can be helped. From these calculations, however, one important element is omitted. M. There has largely used delay as an instrument in the prosecution of his own designs, but he may not be equally patient of it when it is employed by hostile hands. It is his interest at present to keep the Committee and the Right in good humour. But supposing it to become clear that the Committee are only playing with him, the motive for his forbearance will be gone, and the forbearance will probably be found to have gone with it. M. Thiers can at any moment make a proposal to the Committee, and request an immediate report upon it. If that request is refused or played with, he can at once paralyse the Thirty by introducing his project in the Assembly itself. An open breach between the PRESIDENT and the Thirty, founded on the unwillingness of the latter to do the work they were appointed to do, would bring to a head all the doubts and apprehensions on the part of the majority which have been already set forth, and would tend almost to a certainty in all probability to unite all the moderate sections of it in their old attitude of puzzled submission to M. THIERS.

LOCAL TAXATION.

SCHEME of local taxation propounded on the same A authority which has lately sanctioned the abandonment of Canada, the abolition of the Church, and the commencement from the 1st of January of a new and original political era, may be regarded as the reduction to utter absurdity of the changes which have been threatened by Mr. Gladstone and Landlords and tenants have often jointly pre-Mr. Goschen. ferred a plausible complaint of the injustice which they suppose themselves to suffer through the exemption of personal property from liability to rates; but neither party objected to the division of the burden between themselves, or to the machinery by which it was effected. Ordinary statesmen would have either denied or acknowledged the existence of the alleged grievance; and, if it was well founded, they might have endeavoured to devise some mode of redress. Unluckily landowners and farmers have too frequently concurred not only in grumbling about rates, but in electing members to oppose Mr. GLADSTONE; and consequently it was deemed expedient not only to deal with the fiscal question, but to sow, if possible, dissension in the hostile ranks. Accordingly Mr. Goschen's Bill of 1870 provided for a partial transfer of the payment of rates from the occupier to the owner; and it was only on second thoughts that Mr. Goschen condescended to recognize the force of existing contracts. Probably no precedent can be found of a project of unjust legislation so apparently contrived for party purposes; but it is highly probable that a general election under the Ballot will justify the official calculation. The agitation against the present system of rating was injudicious as far as it related to the incidence of local taxation, although a question might fairly be raised as to the proper distinction between local and Imperial purposes. The Poor-rate, which has served as a precedent for all other local taxes, was at first indiscriminately imposed on the substance of the parishioners. In practice it was found convenient to levy the rate only on lands and houses; and long continuance has, as in all similar cases, practically removed the inequality of the impost. All existing tenants and nearly all existing proprietors have acquired their land by contracts in which the exclusive liability of realty to rates was one of the express or implied conditions. On the other hand, fund-holders and shareholders have given larger prices for investments which were by law or practice exempt from

local taxation. Strong reasons ought to be given for a readjustment which amounts to an increase or decrease of the relative value of different kinds of property; nor indeed would the controversy probably have arisen but for the expensive improvements in administration which have been of late years effected at the cost of the ratepayers. The expense of the administration of justice, and some other charges of the same character, are not incurred for the exclusive benefit of the inhabitants of the district where they have been incurred. In some instances the claim of the ratepayers to relief has been recognized by law; and the majority of the House of Commons which carried Sir Massey Lopes's resolution apparently thought that the Imperial revenue ought to make further contributions. For sanitary expenditure, more especially in towns, the ratepayers may be considered to have received full consideration.

The Ministers are perhaps scarcely to be congratulated on the advocacy of an enthusiastic partisan who in his eagerness generally overruns the scent. When Mr. Goschen lately made an offhand suggestion that corporate lands should be compulsorily sold, his loquacious followers immediately expatiated on the expediency of depriving country incumbents of their modest glebes. In the same spirit the project of transferring half the rates from the occupier to the owner is travestied by a thoughtless journalist into a scheme for making the average rates of the last seven years a rent charge upon all rural land. The tax has, it seems, become public property, to be held henceforth in perpetual mortmain. That liability to rates depends exclusively on the public wants for which it is necessary to make provision, is a consideration which has apparently not occurred to the ingenious projector. It is at least conceivable that the Poorrates, which still form the heaviest part of local charges, might be largely reduced, at the expense perhaps of the ratepayer, who, through an increased demand or diminished supply of labour, might have been compelled largely to increase wages. If the average rate is public property in 1873, it was equally public property in 1833, immediately before the enactment of the present Poor-law, when the rates in some parishes were equal to the rental. On precisely the same grounds it might be contended that the Income-tax of 4d. or 6d. or 7d. in the pound might at any given time have been equitably converted into a permanent charge on land, on dividends, or on trade profits. There is no reason why Parliament should not exercise full discretion in the selection of the classes which are to be liable to rates imposed for any new purpose of public utility. The older rates are quite as likely to be diminished as to be increased; and it would be monstrous to deprive those who pay them of the benefits which may result from their own good fortune or skilful administration. Perhaps it may scarcely be worth while

Exponent of official doctrines.

In all recent schemes for the re-arrangement of local taxation it is proposed to deal with houses and land on different principles. There may perhaps be some pretext for a distinction which nevertheless ought to be jealously watched. It has often been asserted that, through the rate on houses, the balance between the liabilities of real and personal property is in some degree redressed. Rich men who have not an acre of land live in large houses which are rated in proportion to the rent; and it has often been said that a house-tax, or a house-rate, is a rough approximation to an income-tax; yet it is also true that the burden is partially shared by the landlord. If all rates on houses were payable by the ground landlord, or by the intermediate lessor, the occupier could afford to pay a higher rent; but the majority of economists maintain that the burden is not in the case of houses, as in the case of land, exclusively imposed on the freeholder or on the immediate landlord. As houses are generally let by the owner of the soil for long terms of years, it is evident that he contributes nothing to any unforeseen increase of rates during the continuance of the lease; but a prospective possibility must, like any other element of value, be assumed to have been taken into consideration by the parties to a contract. Where the rates have increased in the large proportion described, with some exaggeration, by Mr. Rathbone in his paper on local taxation in Liverpool, a plausible case may perhaps be made for the transfer to the owner of any part of the charge which tends, through the purposes to which it is applied, to increase the value of his property. Mr. Rathbone's statistical tables would probably explain the causes of the

increase of rates, some of which, such as the cost of public parks, are perhaps in the nature of interest on the purchase money of valuable property. If the transaction has added to the selling price of the reversion, it will be for the freeholder to show cause against his liability to a portion of the rate. No Ministerial Bill will do injustice to householders in boroughs, or to 12l. householders in counties, because both classes have votes to give to Ministerial members. Rural landlords, on the other hand, have a fatal propensity to distrust Mr. Gladstone, and the number of large town proprietors, or of capitalists who have invested their money in ground rents, is too small to entitle them to any extraordinary share of justice.

There can be no doubt that, notwithstanding the natural process by which the incidence of taxation tends to adjust itself, the interference of the Legislature may sometimes be necessary or desirable. When the administration as well as the contribution of taxes is local, it is important that those who manage the expenditure should be identified in interest with the taxpayers. The contrary result would be produced in naked absurdity if the preposterous plan of charging the existing rates in perpetuity on the land could by any possibility be adopted. The distribution and application of the proceeds of taxation would necessarily remain in the hands of the occupiers, who would have no motive for reducing the rates below the fixed amount of revenue at their disposal. They would also be comparatively indifferent to an increase of parochial burdens which would, in accordance with the established precedent, be after a short interval added to the rent charge. Even if the gross injustice of the plan were left out of consideration, the carelessness of administration which must necessarily ensue would afford dangerous encouragement to pauperism. It may be inferred from the provisions of Mr. Goschen's abortive Bill that some illusory pretence of representation will be offered to landowners in consideration of the sentation will be offered to landowners in consideration of the burden to which they are to be wantonly subjected; but where two classes combined in a single body have opposite or even separate interests, the right of voting in a standing minority is absolutely worthless. It is well known that exofficio Guardians are powerless in their Boards whenever a question arises on which justices and elected Guardians are influenced by different feelings and motives. The strictness and frequent unfairness with which the clergy are assessed to the rates affords a familiar illustration of the spirit in which the rates affords a familiar illustration of the spirit in which Boards of Guardians or Vestries would levy rates from land-owners. If any readjustment and division of burdens can be shown to be equitable, it would be much better to apportion shown to be equitable, it would be much better to apportion some special rates exclusively to owners than to charge them with a moiety of the whole amount. The highways would probably be better kept than at present if they were maintained and managed by the resident representatives of the landowners of a district; nor would it perhaps be unreasonable to charge the freeholder with the cost of new and permanent sanitary improvements, although in this instance the administration would recessarily belong to the Board of Canadian. tration would necessarily belong to the Board of Guardians. The assessment of rates imposed exclusively on owners should not be subject to the caprice or wilful unfairness of occupiers and their nominees.

THE DISSENTERS AND THE GOVERNMENT.

THERE can no longer be any doubt as to the manner in which the Nonconformists would receive the alteration in the 25th clause of the Education Act which was foreshadowed by Mr. Hibbert the other day. In a letter to a contemporary the Chairman of the Executive Committee of the Education League has declared that he will have none of it, and upon this point he may be supposed to speak the mind of Dissenters generally. He can hardly bring himself to believe that a proposal that the fees for the schooling of the children of indigent parents shall be paid by the Guardians will be seriously entertained, but he is quite certain that its adoption by the Government "would be such a proof of incapacity to commerce as would finally discharge them from all the obligations of party loyalty." One is almost tempted to wish that the Nonconformist Liberals would take their discharge and provide themselves with a new sovereign. Nothing else will convince them how greatly they have overrated their strength in the country. They seem resolved that, unless they can have things their own way, nothing shall be done for elementary education. They justify this determination on the ground that a great principle is involved in the opposition to the 25th clause. But to maintain this position successfully the principle in question must be one of which the public can

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be made to see the importance. There are persons who hold that a great principle is involved in the opposition to compulsory vaccination, but they are fined for their obstinacy all the same. If the Dissenters were to carry out their threat of secession, they would in the end be the chief sufferers.

Unfortunately it is not only the prospects of a particular arty, or of a particular section of a party, that are affected by party, or of a particular section of a party, that are ancested by this controversy. The Dissenters might turn the Liberal Go-vernment out of office, if they have the will and the power to do so, without any worse result than to bring back to the party many who have been driven away from it by the violence of these very malcontents. But the cause of elementary education suffers whenever political or ecclesiastical passions are imported into a subject which ought by rights to be entirely free from them. It is this reflection that leads reasonable politicians to them. It is this reflection that leads reasonable politicians to go on searching for compromises in spite of so many declarations on the part of the Nonconformists that no compromise is possible. It is remarkable that Mr. Chamberlain should not have taken the trouble to understand the proposal which he sets himself to denounce. It is not true that if the change were effected the money "would be ap-"plied to the same object in the same way." It would no doubt be applied to the same object—the object, that is, of providing secular instruction for children whose that is, of providing secular instruction for children whose parents are too poor to provide it themselves. But it would not be applied in the same way. As the 25th clause stands, the school fee in the case of such children attending Denominational schools is paid by the School Board. The consequence is that the Board has full notice of the use to which the money is applied. If the inability to pay school fees were put on the same footing as the inability to provide for a child's physical wants, the Board of Guardians to whom the matter would then be handed over would have no such matter would then be handed over would have no such notice. They would give the parent money to pay the school fee just as they give him money to buy groceries. Or, more accurately, they would not give him money for either purpose as such, but generally for the supply of his necessary wants. There would be nothing in this to "carry sectarian conflict and strife into the election of another "group of public bodies," or to "place the magistrates, the "Guardians, and the School Boards in a position of constant "antagonism." No doubt, if the Guardians were ordered to pay the fees for the children of outdoor paupers attending voluntary schools, an effort might be made on the part of the Dissenters to elect Guardians who would pledge themselves to disobey the law. But if the Guardians were simply to disobey the law. But if the Guardians were simply ordered to include inability to buy a child's schooling among the wants which confer a title to relief from the rates, it would be no more their business to inquire where the parent buys it than it is to inquire where he buys the bread which he is at present bound to provide for his child. The School Board would take care that the child attended some efficient school; the relieving officer would take care that no parent was helped to send his child to an efficient school unless he could not do it without help; the Guardians would deal with cases in which such inability was proved to exist, just as they now deal with other forms of inability to provide necessaries. At what stage of this process does Mr. Chamberlain see any loophole for the introduction of sectarian conflict?

Nor is there anything more substantial in the notion that such a plan would "secure the education of the child only at "the price of the degradation of the parent, forced to accept
"a relief which is humiliating to him, in the discharge of a "a rener which is numinating to him, in the discharge of a "new obligation which the law imposes, but which his re"sources are insufficient to provide." Mr. CHAMBERLAIN argues as though the new obligation were some work of supererogation imposed upon the parent by the law. Once admit that the enactment of compulsory school attendance is only the formed recognition of a nearly children which has only the formal recognition of a moral obligation which has always existed, but has not hitherto been enforced, and there is no ground for distinguishing between this and the obligations with which the parent is already saddled. Why, for example, does not Mr. Chamberlais extend his objection to the Poor-law as a whole? Why does he not speak of it as securing the life of a child only at the price of the degra-Why does he not speak of it as dation of the parent, forced to accept a relief which is humiliating to him in the discharge of an obligation to give his children food, which the law imposes but which his resources are insufficient to provide? The cases are parallel if it is conceded that moral and physical want stand on the same footing, and that it is as much the duty of the parent to give his child a certain minimum of education as it is to give him a certain minimum of food.

If Mr. CHAMBELAIN denies this ha council he a consistency of the parent to give him a certain minimum of food. If Mr. Chamberlain denies this, he cannot be a consistent supporter of compulsory education. If he admits it,

why should relief be given under one name where food is concerned, and under another name where schooling is concerned? Whatever degradation there is in a man's accept-ing relief from the rates consists in the inability to make a livelihood by his own labour, and this will not be lessened by calling the relief remission of school fees instead of parish allowance. It is strange, again, that Mr. CHAMBERLAIN does not see that, so far as this objection is concerned, it makes no difference whether the 25th clause be retained, or repealed, or modified. It is not the mere necessity of paying the school fee that will ordinarily drive a man to seek relief from the rates. The necessity of doing without his child's earnings, and of providing him with clothes which he need not have had if he could have been kept at home, will constitute a far heavier burden, and one that will be imposed on him without any reference to the 25th clause. If School Boards do not save him the humiliation of accepting relief on these grounds, it will be a matter of small moment that they remit a school fee amounting to a penny or twopence a week.

January 11, 1873.

It must be confessed, however, that Mr. CHAMBERLAIN'S letter makes it doubtful whether anything will be gained by continuing the search for a modus vivendi with the Dissenters in the direction indicated by Mr. HIBBERT. It is not a sufficient recommendation of a compromise that nothing can be urged against it. The object of putting it forward is to conciliate opponents, and if, it is clear beforehand that it will not conciliate them, it is only so much trouble taken in vain. While regretting on all grounds that the Dissenters should be as impracticable as Mr. Chamberlain makes them out to be, we agree with him that it would be wiser for the Government to refuse to deal with the question at all than to propose a change which would leave them as discontented as ever.

IRONCLADS AT SEA.

A T the end of last week two uncomfortable bits of naval news were published about the same time. From Portsmouth it was reported that the men of the frigate Aurora had mutical while from Cibe in the frigate Aurora had mutinied, while from Gibraltar came the news that the ironclads Northunberland and Hercules had put in there very much damaged by a collision off Madeira. There seems to be no reason to suppose that the disorder on board the Aurora was anything more than a passing fit of ill-temper on the part of the men. The officer in command thought that some of the work of the ship had been neglected, and stopped all leave. This, it was said, was punishing the innocent as well as the guilty, and the crew showed their resentment by making a great noise, pitching the guns about, and even threatening to fling one into the engine-room. Nothing tries the temper of sailors so much as stopping leave suddenly, especially during holiday time, and this is certainly not the first occasion on which such an order has led to disturbances. What irritates the men is, we suspect, not merely that they are cut off from a pleasure to which they have been looking forward, but that they feel they are humiliated in the eyes of their friends on shore. In the present instance we have no means of knowing whether the punishment was really called for; but in any case there can be no doubt that the men afterwards behaved very badly, and that anything in the nature of a mutiny requires to be sharply dealt with on board a man-of-war. If the ringleaders could be discovered, especially the man who suggested the pretty sport of throwing a heavy gun into the engine-room, it would be necessary to make an example of them; but it seems to be very doubtful whether they will be discovered. The lights were put out when the row took place, and none of the mutineers can be identified. Happily there is no evidence of preconcerted action in the affair, and indeed the crew had only just been brought together, and had hardly had time to get acquainted with each other. The other piece of news to which we have referred is of a much more serious character. On Christmas Day the ironclad squadron at Madeira had just returned from riding out a gale at the back of the island, and the weather was still rough. The Northumof the island, and the weather was still rough. The Northum-berland parted her cable in a heavy squall, and, although another anchor was promptly let go, she drifted with rapidly increasing speed and momentum towards the Hercules, which was lying some five hundred yards off. Before she could be brought up, she was, as one of the officers described it, "on "the top of the Hercules." Some injury was done to the latter, but at first it was supposed that the Northumberland had escaped from the encounter with nothing worse than a few scratches. Next morning a "good list of the ship to "port" was observed, and it was then discovered that two of the compartments on the port side were full of water. The

Northumberland had in fact rammed herself on the Hercules's prow. The prow had penetrated her water-plating, and made a hole four or five feet deep and eighteen inches broad—a hole certainly "not so deep as a well nor so wide as a church- "door, yet enough." It was enough at any rate to make the Admiral feel uncomfortable, and the injured ships at once made all speed for Gibraltar. The danger to the Northumberland was of course lessened by the fact that she is built in compartments, so that, even if one or two compartments should be pierced and fill, the other compartments are sufficient to float the ship. At present it is impossible to ascertain the full amount of damage which has been done. Besides the fracture in the outside skin, two leaks had been observed where the inner skin joins the iron beams, and it was naturally suspected that the beams had been injured.

If this accident stood alone, it would not perhaps so much matter. Accidents, it is said, will occur in the best regulated families; but when accidents are constantly occurring in a family, it may be reasonably doubted whether it is regulated in the most perfect manner. It cannot fail to be observed that the collision between the Northumberland and the Hercules is only one of a series of disasters. Out of a squadron of six vessels, two are ordered home for repairs, and two others are said to be "shaky about the bottom." The Northumberland impales herself on the Hercules, the Bellerophon jostles the "shaky" too. And not long before all this we have the Agincourt, the sister ship to the Northumberland, run on the Pearl Rock, and the Lord Clyde aground in the Mediterranean; and only a little further back the Captain capsized Of course we are quite prepared to find that it is possible to take a cheery and hopeful view of these disasters. Indeed, nothing would surprise us more than not to be assured on the highest authority that accidents of this kind are rather proofs than otherwise of wise administration, perfect seamanship, and a peculiarly scientific way of building ships. Everything that has occurred no doubt admits of the simplest explanation; but ordinary people may be pardoned for feeling uneasy when so many unpleasant things of the same sort keep on happening one after the other. Of course there will be an inquiry into the bumping of the Northumberland, with another big Blue-book, and a solemn official minute by "My Lords." Last year we had the Megæra inquiry, and nothing could be more instructive. It was shown in the clearest way that it is morally as well as physically impossible for anybody connected with the navy above the rank of a deputy-assistant understrapper of one kind or another to do anything wrong.

We shall certainly not presume to anticipate the result of the inquiry into the collision between the Northumberland and the Hercules, but there are one or two tolerably obvious considerations which must strike every one. One of the officers of the Northumberland, in a letter which has been published, blames the Admiralty for sending the ironelads to such an anchorage as Funchal, "no better than ironclads to such an anchorage as Funchal, "no better than "the middle of the Atlantic," with the additional peril of being driven on shore if a cable breaks or the anchor does not being driven on shore if a cable breaks or the ancnor goes not hold. Last year, he says, the fleet was put in jeopardy at Teneriffe, and two years before at the Azores. Ironclads are costly articles, and we certainly cannot afford to have ships which are worth from half to three-quarters of a million knocked about off dangerous coasts, as if they were cheap wooden vessels of the old school. It can hardly be said that ironclads require seasoning in this way, and seamanship might perhaps be learned under less risky circumstances. On the other hand, assuming that Funchal is such a bad anchorage that the *Northumberland* should never have been sent there, it is rather odd to find a great vessel of some six thousand tons weight riding with a single anchor off a dangerous coast in a notoriously bad anchorage, and with "wild weather" about. There had been a tempestuous gale, and everything seemed to show that the tempest had only lulled, not subsided. The wind was stillsqually and blowing with great force, and there was a heavy sea on. Yet there was only a single anchor to hold this huge monster of iron. This scarcely looks like ordinary prudence. There is another circumstance which must not be overlooked. Lord CLARENCE PAGET some months since asserted that the orders which the Admiralty had issued to com-manders of vessels to economize in the use of coal had produced dangerous results; that officers, afraid of being rebuked for extravagance in coal, dispensed with steam as much as possible, even to the peril of their ships; and that many so-called accidents might be traced to this cause. In the present instance we find that the fleet, in boisterous weather and in a dangerous situation, had their fires banked

up in obedience to orders from the flag-ship. When a fire is banked up, it takes on an average nearly an hour to get up steam; but by a great effort the engineer of the Northumberland was able to get up steam in twenty minutes. Even this, however, was too late to avert the accident. The Northumberland had five hundred yards to drift before she struck the Hercules, and if she had at once had the command of steam, she would probably have been able to control her motions, and keep clear of her consort's stem. It is evident that this accident is destined to land us in another fierce controversy as to the proper model of ships of war. We shall have the battle of the ships fought over again, and the moderate-sized, swift, easily-handled vessel pitted once more against the unwieldly but, when once engaged, overwhelmingly powerful leviathan. It can hardly be doubted that for the present we have gone at least far enough in the latter direction, and we may now reasonably pause to take stock of our position. It would also seem that our commanders do not find themselves at home in the handling of these hugeships. Seamanship is in a transition state between old and new, and old habits and traditions have as yet been only partially adapted to new exigencies and responsibilities.

NEWSPAPER DECENCY.

PUBLIC decency has, it seems to us, rather a serious quarrel with the conductors of more than one of the morning journals for the manner in which they have treated the Emperor's death as a matter of news. The Emperor died of an acute and painful malady which there can be no harm in naming in plain English, but which it was surely enough to name without seeking to gratify the prurient curiosity of a section of the public by going into minute medical details of the most disgusting and sickening character. All that the public required to know was the general course of the malady; how the Emperor bore the successive operations, the nature of which everybody understood perfectly well without specific description; whether he kept up his strength; whether the doctors were hopeful, and everything going on well; or whether the patient's condition had taken an unfavourable turn. All this might have been told without any violation of decency or decorum. The medical bulletins which were issued by the physicians told really all that it was necessary or proper to publish for the information of the world at large. The physicians perfectly understood the line to be drawn between professional confidences and public news, and it is a pity the newspapers did not content themselves with this authentic and discreet intelligence. The immediate cause of death, whether apoplectic seizure or stoppage of circulation, has yet to be made known, but only a morbid and nasty curiosity would seek to intrude into more minute and private details.

Unfortunately several of the morning journals have thought differently. These are days of close newspaper competition and eager enterprise, and all is fish that comes to their nets. An Emperor's disease, no matter what it is, is an article of commerce like anything else, and must be made the most of. And so the dead man's miseries, and all the dark and horrible secrets of human suffering, are hawked about the streets like costermongers' wares. "Special Medical Details!" pipes the Daily News. The Standard; "Special Medical Details!" pipes the Daily News. The Standard, to do it justice, lets alone the medical part of the story. But it draws aside the curtain from a family sorrow which the commonest instincts of humanity should have taught it to respect. And the same may be said of the Daily Telegraph, which thrusts us into the chamber of death, and makes a show of the stricken widow and her boy. The Times reproduces in a modified form, and with judicious excisions, the detailed medical record which is published by the Lancet. The Daily News and Post reprint the medical report without even the softening of a word; they shrink from nothing. It is of course natural and necessary in the interests of science that professional journals should publish information of this kind. They do not appeal to the general public, and the professional men who read them are not gratifying a morbid and impertinent curiosity in studying the minutest particulars of disease. Whether the medical journals should be in such violent haste to print their secrets is another question. Science would hardly suffer even if the disclosures were postponed until the subject of them had been committed to the tomb. For the publication of such articles in a journal intended for general, and especially for family, circulation no excuse can be alleged. It cannot be pretended that it is done in the interests of science, for the multitude is

not scientific. It is impossible to doubt that prominence and publicity are given to these painful and disgusting details purely for the sake of pandering to a prurient and vicious curiosity. Unfortunately there are people who like vicious curiosity. Unfortunately there are people who like to pry into horrible things, and to gloat over the awful secrets of disease and death. For our own part, we do not believe that journals which deliberately set themselves to foster and gratify these vile and morbid appetites are really serving their own personal interests. They disgust and sicken more people than they please. Good feeling as well as good taste is outraged by this loud and shameless traffic in the sad mysteries of the sickroom, the agonies of the dying, and the fresh overwhelming sorrow of the bereaved family, the widow's sorrow, and the orphan's tears. There is something inexpressibly revolting in this prying and peeping into a inexpressibly revolting in this prying and peeping into a sacred scene, this twitching of the ghouls at the coverlet of the sick-bed, and this hasty public autopsy in the streets the instant the dead man has ceased to breathe.

The subject is a very painful one, and it cannot be neces-sary to enlarge on the offence which has been committed by several journals more eager to sell their sheets than to show respect to public decency or to their own character. We have heard only one opinion on the subject, and it has been very strongly expressed. The publication of these too curious and private details is a violation, not only of social decorum, but of the sacredness of domestic privacy. Of late there have been too many indications of a disposition on the part of certain newspapers to pass beyond the limits of legitimate and decent news, and this tendency has now apparently reached its climax. We can only hope that the general disgust and indignation which must have been produced by the contents of some of yesterday's papers will help to work a cure.

OVERWORK.

EVERY one who has had much to do with schoolboys or L undergraduates is aware of a pleasant fiction which is current amongst them, but which receives still more credit from current amongst them, but which receives still more credit from their mothers and sisters. A young gentleman whose face is rather pale, whose hand shakes more than is fitting at his time of life, and who has a generally dilapidated appearance at the end of term, is apt to ascribe those symptoms to the superhuman efforts which he has made in passing the Littlego. He throws out dark hints about the necessity of fastening a wet towel round his head, and supporting his nervous system by copious draughts of green tea. His female relatives naturally sympathize, and regard examiners as stony-hearted inflicters of tortures upon the young. The more experienced and impartial observer is apt to be seeptical. It is indeed true that some young men have injured their constitutions, and probably more are likely to suffer the same injury, under the influence of competitive examinations. But it their constitutions, and probably more are likely to suffer the same injury, under the influence of competitive examinations. But it is also true that in a majority of cases the fiction is tolerably transparent to the young gentleman's college acquaintance. Overwork is sometimes a simple appeal for compassion; its supposed victim is merely acting the part of pallid student to impress the audience at home. More frequently it is a delicate periphrasis for other evils of a less presentable nature. Its sufferer may be imputing to intellectual exertion what is really due to a misquided passion for supper-parties and to nights spent in devotion to loo. In short, overwork is a highly convenient veil to throw over the innumerable methods in which a youth may injure his constitution. If the physical mischiefs produced by excessive study could be fairly compared with the mischiefs produced by other causes, we have a shrewd suspicion that their sum total would be infinitely less than is generally supposed. We may say pretty confidently, from a tolerably wide experience, that the number of victims to overwork is utterly insignificant compared with the number of victims from other causes, and with the number with the number of victims from other causes, and with the number of cases in which the excuse is imposed upon soft-hearted rela-

of cases in which the excuse is imposed upon soft-hearted relations.

What is true of undergraduates is at least equally true in later life. Most mer, as they grow older, grow lazier, and at the same time become more accomplished hypocrites. For both reasons they acquire greater skill in imposing upon themselves and others. A young man brought up in happy ignorance of physiological laws, and placed under the stimulus of a competition whose importance he grossly exaggerates, does occasionally take liberties with his constitution. When he becomes conscious of his digestive apparatus, he grows more cautious, and is less accessible to excitement. He cannot be ridiculed by his companions, and he becomes an adept in the art of self-flattery. Everybody likes to think that he is making superhuman exertions, and his wife and family accept his theories much more readily than his tutors and competitors. And thus, when some eminent man breaks down under the strain of his labours, there is immediately a chorus of hard-working people who are ready to exclaim Yes, we are all breaking down. The cry is taken up by the newspapers, and we are treated to eloquent sermons upon the terrible excitement and the incessant wear and tear of modern life. We are living too fast, burning the candle at

both ends, and exhausting our nervous systems mader the incessant pressure of our struggle for existence. How much of all this is

pressure of our struggle for existence. How much of all this is genuine? and how much is merely the repetition in later life, and with greater affectation of solemnity, of the old undergraduate pretence that we are being over worked, when in reality we are only wanting to excite a little domestic pity?

That a great deal of this lamentation is mere pretence will probably be acknowledged by any one who fairly examines the cases of his acquaintance. A gentleman has a comfortable breakfast; he goes to his chambers or his office, and returns to a late dinner. He does no work afterwards, and has plenty of time for a good sleep. His whole time for active work is comprised, say, between 10 A.M. and 6 P.M. From that must be deducted the time spent in luncheon, in gossiping, in the intervals between different pieces of business, and in all other interruptions. If he has been actually employed upon any serious intellectual labour for six or seven hours in the day, he has probably done as much as has been actually employed upon any serious intellectual labour for six or seven hours in the day, he has probably done as much as most men; and of this again a very large part is in most cases of a purely routine character. If a man who keeps himself up to this standard does not get from six weeks' to two months' holiday in the year, he considers himself to be cruelly injured, and immediately complains that he is being worked to death. One hears such complaints from many men who, if surprised in the hours of what they call business, are as often as not reading the newspaper, or perhaps making believe to read it. An energetic man will frequently contrive to cram into the hours which are allowed to run to waste by his friends work enough to win literary or scientific reputation as a voluntary enough to win literary or scientific reputation as a voluntary addition to his other labours. As very few men have the necessary taste for such supererogatory performances, we may fairly assume that their burden is not heavier than human nature may assume that their burden is not neavier than human nature may fairly be expected to bear. It is of course true that there are many exceptions to this rule. There are barristers in large practice who have to begin the study of their briefs at five in the morning; physicians who cannot call any hour of the day or night their own; and Ministers whose labours, sufficiently severe in themselves, are only suspended whilst they breathe the unhealthy air of the House of Commons. But such cases, though positively numerous, are relatively a very small minority. Few members of Parliament are unable to spare time for society, for sport, for travelling, or for a thousand other modes of time-killing. The vest majority of professional men are far more art to complete of vast majority of professional men are far more apt to complain of the absence of work than of its excessive supply. For one bar-rister whose table is groaning under an accumulation of briefs, there are a hundred whose absence from chambers, though a there are a hundred whose absence from chambers, though a subject of regret to their friends, would be accepted with surpassing equanimity by attorneys and by the public at large. The overwork of which we complain, so far as it really exists, is the result of a social system which accumulates duties upon a few, to leave the mass at complete leisure. Of the few, again, it must be added that a majority have no heavier burdens than they can fairly carry. The longevity of successful lawyers is notorious. We need not give instances of the many successful men who have been hard at work from early manhood to old age; of whom the chief complaint is that their appetite for work survives their been hard at work from early mannood to out age; or whom the chief complaint is that their appetite for work survives their capacity for doing it satisfactorily. With such men it must be supposed that hard work has been rather healthy than otherwise; and thus the actual sufferers are reduced to the minority of a and thus the actual sufferers are reduced to the minority of a minority. They are the few men whose intellectual force is disproportioned to their physical strength, and who have not self-restraint enough to decline duties for which they are fitted in every respect but constitutional power. Some such men doubtless break down every now and then, and the sympathy which their cases excite provokes others to exhibit themselves in the same amiable character. We all like to be martyrs, especially when the fire exists only in imagination.

the fire exists only in imagination.

The complaint of overwork, when it has some genuine foundation, is generally founded upon a misconception. There is undoubtedly a very real and not uncommon evil which is described under the name. Two men of equal strength may be doing the same amount of actual work, and yet one may be killing himself, whilst the other finds his duties mere child's play. The reason is, of course, that one man's work is productive of anxiety, whilst the other's may be merely soothing. A speculator may spend a very few hours in anything that can be called business, but the difficulty is that he cannot leave his business behind him. Anxiety about money is the most deadly of all troubles. When a man commits money is the most deadly of all troubles. When a man commits suicide, it is far less reasonable, according to the old proverb, to ask, Who is she? than to ask, How much is it? Business which keeps a man in a state of constant oscillation between ruin and a fortune, which follows him home and prevents him from and a fortune, which follows him home and prevents him from sleeping, is incomparably more trying than almost any quantity of downright steady work. The Stock Exchange at New York must fill lunatic asylums more quickly than all the most laborious Universities in Germany, England, and America. A professor may labour at the collation of manuscripts, or even at the search for the Absolute, for fifteen hours a day, and be all the better for it; a third of the time spent in studying the ups and downs of Eric Railroad shares, and staking money on the result, would qualify him for a strait-waistcoat or a halter in a year. As, however, speculation has a comparatively discreditable sound, the evils which it produces are very frequently placed to the account of its more respectable rival, straightforward industry. We choose, in one form or another, to spend a great part of our time at the gaming-tables which exist in an infinite variety of forms in every capital in the world, and then complacently com-

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plain that we have injured ourselves by over application to our duties.

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As a rule, therefore, we should say that the complaints of overwork are amongst the most filmsy of all the excuses set up by men for the evils which they bring upon themselves. Very few people really work hard; and when they do, it generally agrees with them. Directly or indirectly, idleness does fifty times as much mischief, for the best cure for the love of excitement is steady application. A vast amount of good pity is thrown away in the world; and, instead of solemnly warning our friends not to do too much, we should find it simpler to refuse the indirect compliment for which they are manceuvring, and advise them to relax their minds by a little strenuous activity. When the danger really exists it may generally be remedied rather by redistributing the burden than by diminishing it. A very slight physical exertion may injure a man for life, if only he undertakes it in the wrong way. Try to lift a thousand pounds weight by a sudden jerk, and you may probably break a bloodvessel. Divide the weight into ten portions, and lift each calmly by itself, and the exercise may do you good. Run a mile after a hearty meal, and you may be injured for life; walk ten miles a day, and you may materially improve your health. The same principle is applicable to intellectual labour. To lay down any general rules is impossible, because constitutions vary infinitely. One man requires twice as much sleep as another; one man can do work before breakfast when another finds it answer better to sit up at night, and so on. A few practical rules will be learnt by practice. The Lancet, for example, in a sensible paper on the subject, remarks upon the importance for men who work at night of having a white, powerful, and steady light concentrated upon their papers; flickering and diffused light being one of the most serious causes of brain irritation. Good food, with a moderate supply of stimulants, and a final pipe before turning into bed, is a comfortable recommenda much, drink too much, smoke too much, and do everything in a hurry and at the wrong time, and five hours a day may send you to an early grave. Show a little common sense, and without nurry and at the wrong time, and nive hours a day may send you to an early grave. Show a little common sense, and without injuring your health you may be as voluminous an author as Voltaire, or do as much legal or official work as the most industrious Minister or barrister of the day, and see your children's children, and laugh at the degeneracy of the rising generation in the twentieth century.

DEAN STANLEY AT THE WORKING-MEN'S COLLEGE.

DEAN STANLEY AT THE WORKING-MEN'S COLLEGE.

On Monday evening last Dean Stanley delivered the inaugural lecture of the present session of the Working-Men's College in Great Ormond Street. In common with the Chairman he naturally referred to the loss which the College had sustained in the death of its founder and late Principal, Professor Maurice, since the last annual meeting; but on that subject we need not add anything here to the remarks we made at the time of Mr. Maurice's death. On Mr. Maurice's merits as a theologian and philosopher opinions do and must differ widely; but it would be difficult to point to any writer who has been constantly before the public through a long life, taking an active part in all the religious controversies of an exceptionally controversial period, who has left so few enemies behind him, and so large a band of warm admirers, if not exactly of disciples. At the Working-Men's College especially his name will ever be cherished with gratitude and respect. Our immediate concern, however, is with Dean Stanley, whose address, if it has been correctly reported, is a curious, not to say amusing, illustration at once of his characteristic versatility and his characteristic defects. A good deal has been said of late about the Dean's indefiniteness of religious belief. But this vagueness is a peculiarity not of his creed simply, but of his intellectual constitution altogether. He has an instinctive aversion to definite statements on abstract subjects, not because they are false, but because they are definite; and this abundantly accounts for his dislike of all dogma. It would probably be very unfair to credit Dean Stanley with any greater predilection for the heresies anathematized by the Athanasian Creed than for the orthodoxy which it is intended to enshrine. But a sharp dogmatic assertion, whether Arian or Trinitarian, he cannot away with. What he would have done in the age of faith," is an idle, if not a painful, speculation. It is almost as difficult to coneeive his being burnt for a s

or a Mahometan. The Dean of Westminster might have reduced the Inquisitors to a similar dilemma, let us hope with a less tragical result. But we are not going to usurp the functions of the approaching Session of Convocation by discussing the Dean's theology, which only concerns us here so far as it illustrates the general tendency of his mind. The subject which he selected for the edification of the working-men was one to which we have before now ourselves called attention, and which is unquestionably of great interest both in a speculative and a practical sense. of great interest both in a speculative and a practical sense. When he began with observing that there was a general complaint at the present day that the age of individual influence had passed away, and that henceforth the world would be guided exclusively When he began with observing that there was a general complaint at the present day that the age of individual influence had passed away, and that henceforth the world would be guided exclusively by general movements, or laws, or forces, or masses, or parties, he was in fact taking up the warning note uttered half a century ago by Coleridge, about what he called "plebified opinion," and more emphatically repeated in our own day by Mr. Mill in his essay on Liberty. We are quite disposed to believe that the danger is a real one, though it may have been exaggerated, and that there is much in the existing conditions of social and political life to force it prominently on the notice of thinkers as well as of statesmen. It is also true, no doubt, that there are considerations, more or less weighty, to be urged on the other side. But it is not equally clear that the Dean has been successful in suggesting them. In many ways it is some to be the case that "the individual withers" as "the world is more and more." There is less room for originality of thought and independence of action in a highly civilized stage of society. Agamemnon indeed is no longer without his sacred bard, but there are so many Agamemnoas, and so many bards, that the praise becomes cheap, and the heroism ceases to be remarkable. Even had Mr. Gladstone been able, as he tells us he is not, to snatch half an hour every morning before breakfast for the study of Homer, we may safely assume that the great charm of the study would have lain in the contrast, not the analogy, of the heroic age of Greece to the prosaic age of England. To all this, and much more that occurs to one on the same side of the question, some reply, we repeat, may be made. But what is the Dean's reply?

In the first place, he referred, naturally and gracefully enough under the circumstances, to Mr. Maurice's foundation of the Working-Men's College in Great Ormond Street—a very excellent work, no doubt, but one which, beyond the limits of Great Ormond Street, might hardly be accepted a

the later Empire. But even waiving this preliminary difficulty, it is not easy to catch the point of the argument. The Emperor may have been a model in his private life of all the virtues he had learnt from his various relations and tutors; but as far as his influence nay have been a model in his private life of all the virtues he had learnt from his various relations and tutors; but as far as his influence on the world is concerned, his virtues counted for less than nothing. He was wholly powerless to raise or purify the tone of that Pagan society of which he was the head, and his name is chiefly remembered in history as the author of one of the fiercest and most systematic persecutions of the Christians, who were again exposed under his government to all the denunciations of common informers, bribed to delate them by the promise of a share in their confiscated property. As Milman puts it, "The most distinguished Christians of the East were sacrificed to the base passions of the meanest of mankind by the Emperor, who, with every moral qualification to appreciate the new religion, closed his ears, either in the stern apathy of Stoic philosophy, or the more engrossing terrors of Heathen bigotry." And the power which he did in this way exercise—not altogether perhaps to the benefit of mankind—was due solely to his official position. As the author of the Meditations, he influenced his contemporaries not at all; but he was able to persecute the Christians as Emperor of Rome. In the former capacity he may have been "truly great," in the latter his influence was unquestionably "transitory and fugitive." If this is what Dean Stanley meant by bidding the "students to learn to distinguish between those men who are truly great and those who are transitory and fugitive," we can but say that so elementary a lesson might have been conveyed in a less circuitous manner. We may pass over a rather obscure passage about a single man being able to save a city now as well as in Macaulay's Lays of Ancient Rome, with the obvious remark that such abnormal emergencies as the siege and the Commune of Paris must always give exceptional scope to individual energy and resource, and prove nothing as to the part played by individuals in the general economy of the world. But the next passage is so eminent

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of the last things that would have occurred to an ordinary lecturer is a discussion of the Darwinian theory of the origin of man. But the Dean of Westminster is not an ordinary lecturer, and he proceeds as follows :-

proceeds as follows:—

It was often said on all sides that the whole system of our belief, duty, and hope of immortality, was being undermined by certain speculations and investigations that had been set on foot with regard to our ancestors in the most remote myriads of ages. It was said that our faith and duty towards each other and God were undermined, supposing it should be proved that the first beginning of man was something lower than we had been in the habit of supposing. He would not pronounce an opinion either way; but he wished to urge that a great deal too much importance had been attached to these speculations. The only thing really important for us practically was what we were as individuals at the present time. It was nothing to us whether our remote ancestors were in those dark ages formed out of the mere inanimate dust of the earth, or whether we translated "the dust of the earth" into modern scientific language. The fact we had to remember was, that we were living individuals with enormous faculties bestowed upon us, and that on our use of them our destiny in this world and the next would be shaped for good or evil.

In criticizing a passage of this sort one is sorely puzzled to know

world and the next would be shaped for good or evil.

In criticizing a passage of this sort one is sorely puzzled to know at which end to begin. In the first place, it has of course absolutely nothing whatever to do with the professed subject of the lecture. No one—Darwinian or anti-Darwinian—ever dreamed that the relative action of personal and corporate or other influences in the world in a particular age depended, one way or the other, on our alleged genesis from a mollusc or a baboon. That many religious people have been seriously perplexed, reasonably or unreasonably, by these "investigations and speculations" is true enough; but we are afraid the Dean's exhortations will not do much to console them. They will readily admit that our sense of our own individuality and our immediate capacities of action are not directly affected by such theories; but they will arrue that their most cherished religious convictions about, say, the inspiration of the Old Testament or the doctrine of original sin, are very materially affected, and that with these convictions their are very materially affected, and that with these convictions their energies and motives of action—or, to adopt the stereotyped for-mula, "their happiness here and hereafter"—are intimately bound up. The Dean may consider such perplexities exceedingly childish; but they are at least equally justified in considering his solution of their perplexities irrelevant. Even Mr. Froude, who up. The Dean may consider such perplexities exceedingly childish; but they are at least equally justified in considering his solution of their perplexities irrelevant. Even Mr. Froude, who makes very merry with "the ablest living natural philosophers looking gravely to the courtship of moths and butterflies to selve the problem of the origin of man," and professes entire indifference as to the descent of our mortal bodies from "some glutinous organism on the rocks of the primæval ocean," insists passionately on regarding his "intellectual spirit" as "engendered from another source," which it is by no means clear that a consistent Darwinian would allow. And Mr. Froude is probably less sensitive than most people about theological difficulties. Dean Stanley simply ignores them. He is, we doubt not, honestly incapable of conceiving how it can matter to any rational being whether man was originally "formed from the dust of the earth," according to the old belief, or gradually attained to the full proportions of humanity through a long ascending scale of jelly-fish and baboons. Yet psychology as well as theology is a good deal interested in the problem which he dismisses so airily as a mere question between two different forms of language. Here, however, as in the famous "dispute about an iota," the forms of speech for which "graceless zealots" are contending will appear to many minds identical with "forms of faith," and we fear the Darwinian controversy will be as little set at rest as the Arian by the bland assurance that, after all, it makes no difference. We will not attempt to follow the Dean through the second portion of his lecture, in which he argued that "institutions," like individuals, have still a commanding influence to exert in the world; the more so as, in this case, so far as the reporter has enlightened us, the Working-Men's College in Great Ormond Street was not only the first, but the solitary, illustration of his argument. We sincerely hope it may be true that our ancient institutions in Church an

THE GREAT-CORAM-STREET MURDER.

THE GREAT-CORAM-STREET MURDER.

We cannot help thinking that the passion for notoriety which is one of the prevalent disorders of modern society is exercising an extremely unfavourable influence on some at least of the processes of criminal justice. Whenever a crime is committed, the great object of everybody concerned in the investigation which follows would seem to be to turn it to account as a sort of platform on which they can strut up and down, and exhibit themselves to the admiring gaze of their fellow-creatures. One day they are only common people like the rest of us. They go to and fro, and nobody notices them. But in the night an unknown person happens to murder somebody, and all at once a host of obscure and insignificant people suddenly find themselves famous, not through anything they have done, but only through the accident of being mixed up with a criminal investigation. The police, the witnesses, the coroner, the coroner's jury, and the coroner's man instantly become objects of interest. They feel that the eyes of the world are upon them. Their names are in all the newspapers, and they have even a chance of being photographed. The public-house in which the inquest is held is

no longer as other public-houses; a halo of reflected interest is shed upon its frowsy bar and dingy taproom, and its "drawings" are quadrupled. It is well known that in a democratic community shed upon its frowsy bar and dingy taproom, and its "drawings" are quadrupled. It is well known that in a democratic community there is nothing so much detested as equality, and men are disposed to be thankful for anything that marks them off from the common ruck of undistinguishable humanity. To be known as the man who was fast asleep all night while a murder was being accomplished in the next room, or as the policeman on duty outside the house who did not catch the murderer, is, after all, better than not being known at all. To be mentioned in a descriptive article in the Daily Telegraph is with some people an object of ambition. We once knew a country fellow who carried his head very high because his second cousin had been eaten by dogs. The police who are concerned in these inquiries have more substantial reasons for keeping themselves as much as possible before the public. Advertising pays in their profession as in others; and the heroes who are glorified by penny-a-liners as "active and intelligent" find ample scope at any rate for their activity—we should be sorry to say too much of their intelligence—in protracted inquiries which are sure to be fully reported in the morning papers, and which will perhaps be made the subject of some gay descriptive writing. If a murder is committed, and the murderer cannot be discovered, it is all the more necessary for the credit of the force that the police should seem to be particularly busy and energetic. It would almost appear as if the investigation of a murder before the coroner or police magistrate was now regarded as a sort of popular amusement—something akin to the sports of ancient Itome—which should be made as lively and attractive as possible. It is difficult to account in any other way for the manner in which these inquiries are spun out, with adjournment after adjournment, and fresh batches of witnesses, and all kinds of irrelevant and superfluous evidence. A few months ago a couple of semi-idiotic German lads wound are spin out, with adjournment after adjournment, and fresh backers of witnesses, and all kinds of irrelevant and superfluous evidence. A few months ago a couple of semi-idiotic German lads wound up a drinking bout in a brothel by shooting each other, and one of them died. From the first there was not the slightest doubt of them died. From the first there was not the slightest doubt that they had fired at each other by agreement, and that nobody else was in any way concerned in the affair. But the police thought it necessary to extend the inquiry so as to embrace not only the personal history of the wretched women connected with the house, but generally the manners and customs of fast life in London in its lowest aspects. Just now there is another inquiry going on with reference to the murder of a woman on Christmas eve. She. with reference to the murder of a woman on Christmas ev too, was of the class called unfortunate, and again we are treated to a minute inquiry into the manners and customs of her class, and all sorts of unsavoury matters having nothing on earth to do with the case are eagerly opened up. It is only fair, however, to say that for this the Coroner seems to be more to blame than the

police.

We need not repeat the details of the Great-Coram-Street murder, which must be familiar to all who take an interest in such things. A poor woman was found in bed on Christmas morning with her throat cut. She had been killed apparently in her sleep. It was clearly a case, not of suicide, but of murder, and the only question is, who was the murderer? Suspicion has fallen on a man who is said to have come home with the woman late at night, but who had disappeared before morning. This is the story of the question is, who was the murderer? Suspicion has fallen on a man who is said to have come home with the woman late at night, but who had disappeared before morning. This is the story of the landlady and of some of the lodgers. The landlady did not see him, indeed nobody saw him, but she says she heard him come in, and she thinks she heard him go out in the middle of the night. The woman, she says, told her he was in the house, and also made a similar statement to one of the lodgers. It was necessary for the police to trace the woman's movements on the night before the murder, and also to ascertain what sort of people lived in the house. Everybody who in a moment of idle curiosity has lifted up a flat stone that has been lying in a field knows what a scamper there is of odd and rather nasty insects, running hither and thither, in a dazed, bewildered way. The lifting off of the roof of the house in Great Coram Street produces a somewhat similar impression. It may be doubted whether even the dignity of being witnesses in a murder case has altogether repaid the inmates for the unpleasant shock of the sudden illumination to which they have been subjected. It was necessary, as we have said, for the police to make themselves acquainted with all that passed in the house on the night of the murder, and to inquire into the character and antecedents of the lodgers; but it was obviously unnecessary to call any of the immates as witnesses unless they could throw some light on the circumstances of the crime. The murder was conviited on murder, and to inquire into the character and antecedents of the lodgers; but it was obviously unnecessary to call any of the inmates as witnesses unless they could throw some light on the circumstances of the crime. The murder was committed on Christmas Eve, and the inquest was opened two days later. The Coroner has had three sittings, and has again adjourned the inquiry, and there is no saying when it will be ended. He remarked at the last sitting that as "this was the only court open to receive evidence and investigate testimony, it would be better in the interest of justice that it should be kept open than that the inquiry should be closed." We should have thought that it was the duty of the police to receive evidence and investigate testimony with a view to the discovery of a murderer; and if the Coroner means that testimony cannot be efficiently investigated for such a purpose except in a Coroner's court, we venture to differ with him entirely. Whatever may be the effect on the interests of justice, the dignity of justice will certainly not be promoted by the sort of proceedings which have taken place before the Coroner in this case. He seems to have started with a conviction that the great object of the inquiry was to clear up some doubts which had been raised as to the respectability of the house in

Great Coram Street. The landlady says the deceased woman told her that she had brought home a male companion, and paid over nine shillings out of ten which he had given her. Anybody but Dr. Lankester would have been satisfied with this admission, which indicated plainly enough the character of the landlady and her relations with the deceased. But Dr. Lankester thought it necessary to press the landlady very much on this point. Would she have taken the money if she had reflected on the manner in which it had been obtained? "That is the point," he said, "and it is about that that the public are indignant." If, he added sagaciously, she had refused to take the money, and had turned the man out of the house, the murder would not have been committed. "Crowner's law" would perhaps make this constructive murder, and it is difficult to see what other bearing this examination had on the inquiry. The jury at first seem to have agreed with the Coroner that all doubts as to Mrs. Wright's moral character and the character of her lodgers must be fully cleared up, and went with great zest into the question whether, with regard to another pair of lodgers, the lady lived with the gentleman or the gentleman with the lady. It was admitted that they were not married, but "they were going to be." The important fact was ascertained that the landlady had seven children, four out at nurse. The inquiry had now got into such a condition that the solicitor who attended to watch the case for the landlady thought it would be a good opportunity to cross-examine a Spanish gentleman who had lodged in the house, but who had left on account of the murder, whether he would not be disposed to come back to Mrs. Wright if she took another house. The jury seem to have felt that this was rather an impertinence, and tried to stop the examination. The Spanish gentleman admitted that Mrs. Wright's knowledge of Spanish cookery weighed greatly in her favour, but he had had "quite enough," and declined to go back. This witness was recalled at a subsequent

that." Mr. Wright perhaps forgot about Mr. Thurtell and his gig.

It is an old question whether a Coroner should be a doctor or a lawyer. There is no doubt a good deal to be said in favour of a coroner having some medical knowledge; but it is perhaps even more desirable that he should have at least enough law to enable him to understand the elementary rules of evidence, and to keep the inquiry over which he presides strictly to the questions at issue. In this case the police have not discovered, the murderer, or any trace of him; but they have discovered, what it was very easy to find out, how a woman of the character of the deceased, who regularly frequented certain notorious places, spent her evenings. The Coroner was amazed that a French waiter, who had seen a stranger in the company of the woman, but had not heard him speak a single word, should not be able to say what was his nationality. "A Frenchman," he observed, "generally seemed to seent out a German." The Coroner perhaps shares the impression of some of his countrymen, that foreigners all belong to very much the same family, and speak the same language, with slight variations. When one of the barmaids at the Ahhambra was called, the Coroner, who had already pressed the French waiter as to whether he expected sixpence for helping on an overcoat, seized the opportunity of inquiring whether they gave good "four-pennorth's" of whisky at the Alhambra; but it appears that sixpenny glasses only are supplied. It is difficult to imagine anything more calculated to bring judicial proceedings into contempt than an inquiry conducted in this loose, wandering, and utterly undignified fashion. One half of the world, it has been said, does not know how the other half lives, and there are perhaps some people who find these peeps into the shy corners of life very interesting and amusing. If the Coroner were presiding over a popular entertainment, his little jokes and droll digressions might perhaps be suitable. A stranger might certainly have been present during a con

they would not be more likely to be successful if they were content to work silently and quietly, instead of wasting their strength in getting up a show of useless evidence and trying to make a figure in court. It is not creditable to the intelligence or carefulness of the police that their French advertisement should by a misunderstanding of French measurements, describe the supposed murderer as 6 feet 3\frac{3}{4} inches in height, while the English advertisement makes him 5 feet 9 inches.

THE PALL MALL GAZETTE ON HISTORICAL CRITICISM.

CRITICISM.

THE justice of the Pall Mall Gazette may be sure, but it is certainly slow. It follows the offence at much the same pace as the prosecution of Eugene Aram. We sinned on February 5, 1870; we are called up for judgment on January 7, 1873. We are charged with having represented Mr. Froude as having made a mistake which in truth he has not made. To this indictment, in the literal and grammatical sense of the words, we may as well say at once that we plead guilty. But we think that we may at least plead extenuating circumstances. We think that any one who goes through the whole story will find that there is, on the whole, more to be said on our side than there is even on the side of Mr. Froude, still more than there is on the side of the Pall Mall Gazette.

whole, more to be said on our side than there is even on the side of Mr. Froude, still more than there is on the side of the Pall Mall Gazette.

When three years ago we were reviewing the last two volumes of Mr. Froude's History in a series of articles *, we spoke of the constant inaccuracy of Mr. Froude's way of using his authorities; of his custom, for instance, of putting words within inverted commas which are not the actual words of the passages referred to. We said that the way in which Mr. Froude treats the ordinary books which we have at hand made us feel very doubtful as to the many cases in which Mr. Froude's statements rest on the authority of manuscripts at Simancas or elsewhere, which we have no means of referring to. This, in the language of the Pall Mall Gazette, is "one of the coarsest" of our "charges against Mr. Froude," and our "customary insinuation that the evidence on which Mr. Froude founds his conclusions is garbled and falsified." This is of course the Pall Mall Gazette's way of putting it. Every one who will take the trouble to look back to our articles will see that we have never charged—we are not in the habit of insinuating—Mr. Froude with garbling or falsifying anything. Garbling and falsifying are words which imply wilful perversion of the truth, and of this we have never suspected Mr. Froude; indeed we do not even now suspect the writer in the Pall Mall Gazette. We believe that garbling and falsification are processes which are pretty well unknown among writers of anything like Mr. Froude's position. We believe that Mr. Froude is, in a certain sense, careless about truth—that is, that he does not take the same pains which a writer like Bishop Thirlwall, for instance, would take to find out the truth. We believe that his mind is inherently inaccurate, but of wilful perversion of truth we never accused him, never suspected him. We believe that a great many people, and seemingly the Pall Mall writer among them, cannot make this distinction; they cannot see the difference between a ch

In reading Mr. Froude's twelfth volume more than three years ago, we were struck by the singular name of the ship in which the English Admiral sailed at the time of the engagement with the Armada. Mr. Froude called it the Ark Raleigh. The name sounded odd; Mr. Froude quoted no authority; he gave us no kind of hint where the name was to be found. But when we looked in Camden's Annales we found that the same ship was there called Archa Regia. The inference was that, strange as the mistake might be, Mr. Froude had made a mistake. Now, if the Pall Mall Gazette will let us draw the distinction, there are many writers with whom we should not have made any such inference. If we had found anything of the kind in Bishop Thirlwall, or Dr. Merivale, or Sir Francis Palgrave, we should never for a moment have thought that they were blundering. In the case of Bishop Thirlwall or Dr. Merivale indeed the case could not have happened, because most certainly either of them would have quoted their authorities. With Sir Francis Palgrave it might have happened; he, as all his readers know, does not deign to give any references; but his readers also know that, however queer any statement of his may seem, the authority for it is sure sooner or later to turn up somewhere or other. But this is because Bishop Thirlwall and Dr. Merivale are thoroughly accurate writers; because Sir Francis Palgrave also was accurate after a fashion—that is, because he never stated anything without something which he looked on as authority for it, however much others might doubt as to its really proving his point. In Mr. Froude we put no such confidence; for he is not, like the three great writers we have spoken of, habitually accurate, but habitually inaccurate. Mr. Froude has shown that he cannot make out the difference between the Bishoprics of Gloucester and of Worcester, that he does not know what is meant by a Prince of the Empire, that he does not understand such common terms of English law as impeachment, attainder, and peine forte et dure.

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See Saturday Review, January 22, January 29, February 5, February 12, 1870.

When therefore we found him calling a ship by one name and Camden calling it by another, our natural inference was that Camden was right and that Mr. Froude was wrong. Oddly snough, it turns out that Mr. Froude was right; therefore we suppose that Camden was wrong. But Mr. Froude's champion was certainly very long in finding this out. From February 1870 to November 1872 neither Mr. Froude nor the Pall Mall Gazette, nor, as far as we know, any one else, stood forward to point out our mistake. In November 1872 came that wonderful confession in which Mr. Froude describes himself as writing history for the same reason for which the stars above, in the song, are said to shine—namely, because they have nothing else to do. In speaking of that confession we incidentally referred to the old story of Ark Raleigh and Archa Regia. Still there was no sign, none at least from the Pall Mall Gazette. But in December 1872 there came out a volume of Calendars of State Papers which we could hardly have made use of in February 1870, or even in November 1872, but from which it certainly appears that the Admiral's flagship was called the Ark Raleigh. Now therefore in January 1873 we are brought to trial for our offence which was now three years old. The writer in the Pall Mall Gazette had lighted on the passage in the new volume, and, having done this, he looked a little further into other documents, and fully established the fact that the flagship was called the Ark Raleigh, because, as it would seem, it had once belonged to Sir Walter. Mr. Froude therefore is right. Camden may be wrong, or he may be right also; for, as the writer of the Pall Mall Gazette suggests, the ship may have borne two names. For wrong, or he may be right also; for, as the writer of the Pall Mall Gazette suggests, the ship may have borne two names. For all this the Pall Mall Gazette calls us some very hard names, clothed in that grand, high-sounding Latin style which reminds us of nothing so much as a good scolding allocution of the

us of nothing so much as a good screening.

Pope.

Mr. Froude then in this case was right; but does it follow that we were wrong? The Pall Mall writer says, in his grand way, "Mr. Froude, when he wanted specific information about the names and numbers of the English fleet at the time referred to, did not 'turn to his Camden.' He had other authorities much more trustworthy than the respectable author of the Britannia." And again, "Mr. Froude, not content with 'turning to Camden' in the easy-going fashion suggested by the Saturday Review, consulted original documents." This is graver still: one might almost think that the process of consulting still: Saturday Review, consulted original documents." This is graver still; one might almost think that the process of consulting original documents was one which Mr. Froude and the Pall Mall original documents was one which Mr. Froude and the Pall Mall original documents was one which Mr. Froude and the Pall Mall writer seems to want to make out two points—first, that our notions of research in a writer of history would be satisfied by the process of turning to Camden; secondly, that it was our duty, as periodical critics, to hunt into every corner for original documents before we ventured to open our mouths. In this, it strikes us, the Pall Mall writer confounds the duties of the historian and those of the periodical critic. We know not what the Pall Mall writer's experience may be, but those who know something about both businesses know that the two are widely different. When a man undertakes to write a history on the scale of Mr. Froude's, he ought to spare no time and no pains, not only in finding out the truth, but in making that the two are widely different. When a man undertakes to write a history on the scale of Mr. Froude's, he ought to spare no time and no pains, not only in finding out the truth, but in making his readers independent of himself. He should not only give them his own views, but he should give them the means of forming different views if they choose. He should set before them the whole evidence. When his matter has to be found in manuscripts, or out-of-the-way printed books which few readers are likely to have at hand, he should give, not only the references, but the very words of his authorities. If his matter can only be got at by going to Simancas, to Simancas he must go. And when he comes back from Simancas he must, as far as possible, put his readers in the same position as if they had gone to Simancas themselves. No amount of labour, whether in the way of turning over books or of going to distant spots, will be thought too great if it can throw any light on the smallest fact of history. But the periodical critic can do nothing of this kind. He is bound by the laws of time and space; he must get his work done within a fixed time, often a very short time; and he must do it with such materials as he has at hand, or not at all. The easy-going fashion of turning to Camden is assuredly not enough for an historian of the reign of Elizabeth; it may easily be enough for the critic of Mr. Froude's twelfth volume. We feel sure that, if Lord Macaulay had written the history of enough for an historian of the reign of Elizabeth; it may easily be enough for the critic of Mr. Froude's twelfth volume. We feel sure that, if Lord Macaulay had written the history of the Spanish Armada, he would have told us all about the Ark Ruleigh, why it was so called, and where the name was to be found. Mr. Froude takes his Ark Ruleigh for granted without any reference or any kind of explanation. His critic does what he can at the moment—he looks to a respectable contemporary writer. He there finds a different statement from Mr. Froude's; he infers that Mr. Froude is wrong. It turns out afterwards that Mr. Froude is right; but we maintain that his critic is not to be blamed. If Mr. Froude had only given his reference, as an historian ought to do, no one could have mistaken him. If the general character of his history were such as to lead scholars to put that confidence in him which they do put in Thirlwall or Palgrave, no one would have suspected him. Mr. Froude hid his light under a bushel, and his critic had to judge by such light as he could get. Mr. Froude had cried wolf so often that he was not believed when the wolf was really there.

The Pull Mall writer begins his charge against us with a reference to the practice of the Court of Chancery; he tells us how the suitor must come into court with clean hands, and how he who charges

another with inaccuracy must be scrupulously accurate himself. He adds that "very few are likely to turn to their Camden for verification." Mr. Froude, who frequently quotes Camden, is doubtless one of the few, but the Pull Mall writer himself clearly is not. We refer to the Latin text of the Annales. The Pull Mall writer goes to the English translation of the Britannia. The Pull Mall writer tells us, "As a matter of fact Camden does cite in his Latin text the name of the ship Archa Regalis." We must confess, to our shame, that this matter of fact is no matter of fact at all. In our article of February 1870 we gave the name of the ship correctly as Archa Regalis. In returning incidentally to the matter in November 1872, by a slip either of the pen or of the press, we made it Arca Regalis; and this slip of ours, and not the genuine text of Camden, the Pull Mall Gazette is content to follow. As we are referred to the practice of the Court of Chancery, we may refer back again to the practice of some other branches of the administration of the law. It is quite possible that a magistrate may do his clear duty in committing a prisoner other branches of the administration of the law. It is quite possible that a magistrate may do his clear duty in committing a prisoner for trial, that the grand jury may do their clear duty in finding a true bill against him, and yet that the petty jury may no less do their clear duty in finding him not guilty. This analogy, we think, very well fits the present case. By the help of evidence which has been since brought to light, Mr. Froude has been shown to be fully entitled to an acquittal. But we hold that when at an earlier stage we had to speak of Mr. Froude by the light of such evidence as Mr. Froude himself chose to give us, we were fully justified in the true bill which we found against him.

A HORRID HOAX.

THAT remarkable journal the New York Herata has surpassed itself in the account which it gives in a late number of a series of practical jokes in which the well-known actor Mr. Sothern played a conspicuous part. We do not feel quite sure that Sothern played a conspicuous part. We do not feel quite sure that the whole story is not a hoax upon the readers of the Herald, but we can at any rate enjoy the style in which it is told, without troubling ourselves to inquire too curiously into its truth. In order to begin at the beginning, the reporter tells us that Mr. Sothern is, in private life, a polished gentleman, of slight frame, with grey hair, and weighs about 105 lbs. He is 48 years of age. He has a powerful muscular development, and a merry laugh. Mr. Florence, who also plays a prominent part in the ensuing drama, is a smooth-faced gentleman of about 40 years of age, weighs 190 lbs., and generally wears lavender kid gloves. A young English gentleman, Mr. Philip Lee, the husband of one of the most distinguished and favourite English actresses that have yet visited America, was man, Mr. Philip Lee, the husband of one of the most distinguished and favourite English actresses that have yet visited America, was to be the victim of a "huge practical joke" concocted by Messrs. Sothern and Florence. He is a blonde Englishman with light hair, light yellow side whiskers, measures about 5 ft. 8 in. in height, and weighs 143 lbs. To do honour to Mr. Lee a dinner was given by Mr. Sothern at his rooms in the Gramerey Park Hotel, in New York. The dinner was sumptuous and well served. We will spare ourselves and our readers the enumeration of the dishes and wines. The rooms were gorceously furnished with We will spare ourselves and our readers the enumeration of the dishes and wines. The rooms were gorgeously furnished with pictures, statues, and objects of virtà. The guests were all attired in evening dress and wore spotless white ties. All these particulars, and others which we omit, are given by the reporter as if they would be naturally expected by his readers in a narrative either of fact or fiction. Presently Mr. Jim Collier took from under his coat a paper battle-axe, such as is used to destroy tyrants on the stage. Mr. Niel Bryant drew a dirk knife, the hidde of which more than a foot long, he unclassed and placed stroy tyrants on the stage. Mr. Niel Bryant drew a dirk kinie, the blade of which, more than a foot long, he unclasped and placed solemnly by the side of his plate. Mr. Chris Connor produced a six-shooter. Mr. Nelse Seymour drew from under the table a scythe and a policeman's club. After a few minutes devoted to the consumption of soup and fish, Mr. Niel Bryant jumped up and announced that if anybody said that his friend Jobson's History of the Eventh Parch the Seymone and the second shocks Coulde's and announced that if anybody said that his friend Jobson's History of the French Revolution was not as good a book as Carlyle's, that person was a liar and no gentleman. The intelligent reader will doubtless have by this time perceived that these extraordinary proceedings were or are intended by the Herald to be supposed to have been directed towards the mystification of Mr. Philip Lee. All the guests rose suddenly at Mr. Bryant's challenge, and those who had weapons seized them. Mr. Sothern, by way of tranquillizing his guest Mr. Lee, assured him that Mr. Johson, whose History had been compared with that of Carlyle, was "quite an eminent scholar, and a very estimable gentleman." Somebody told Mr. Bryant that he was another, and then shots were fired, and the room was filled with smoke and uproar. One of the guests thrust room was filled with smoke and uproar. One of the guests thrust his "huge foot" through the soup tureen, and could not extricate it. The hotel became alarmed, and efforts were made to burst open the door, which had been fastened. Ultimately it became it. The hotel became alarmed, and efforts were made to burst open the door, which had been fastened. Ultimately it became clear to Mr. Lee that all this was a huge practical joke, of which he was supposed to be the victim. The dinner of himself and everybody at table was spoiled, and, as Mr. Willet remarked, after the rioters had sacked the "Maypole," "there was a trifle of broken glass." It is hardly possible to suppose that there was not some foundation in fact for the Herald's story; but it may have been embellished in the telling. One of the party being knocked or falling down in the scrimmage, blackened his eye with burnt cork; and this trick, being observed by Mr. Lee, opened his eyes to the simulated character of the quarrel. We omitted to notice that Mr. Lee, who weighs 143 lbs., is described, and we should think with accuracy, as a good-natured gentleman. If the row had occurred after dinner, the story would have been comparatively credible, but even the most reckless practical jokers of former times in England seldom disturbed themselves or others during the usual hours of dinner. After the incident of the burnt cork Mr. Lee politely thanked the company for the entertainment they had afforded, and withdrew.

hours of dinner. After the incident of the burnt cork Mr. Lee politely thanked the company for the entertainment they had afforded, and withdrew.

But this comedy, or the recital of it, did not end here. Messrs. Sothern and Florence now took into their confidence Judge Dowling, who is described "as a most terrible practical joker," and who appears to have justified that character. The plan was that Mr. Sothern should pretend to believe that a duel was imminent between Mr. Florence and Mr. Lee, and that Judge Dowling, on Mr. Sothern's information, should have Mr. Lee, as the challenger, arrested and bound over to keep the peace. Our faith in the accuracy of the Herald is rather strained when we arrive at the point where Judge Dowling appears upon the scene. He did not, according to the stery, arrest Mr. Lee; but he caused subpenas to be served upon Messrs. Sothern and Florence, commanding them to appear and give evidence at the Tombs Police Court at half-past seven on the morning of December 20. These missives were placed in the hands of a sergeant of police for service. He served Mr. Florence while actually taking his morning tub, and he served Mr. Sothern while engaged in rehearing Brother Sam at Wallack's Theatre. The subpoenas were served between eleven and twelve o'clock on the 19th December. In the afternoon of that day Mr. Florence met Judge Dowling in the street, and rushing up to him, implored him to tell what these alarming proceedings meant. The Judge answered that it was his duty to preserve the public peace, and he should do his duty, and would not permit the shedding of human blood. The next incident was, as might be expected, a visit to Messrs. Sothern and Florence by a reporter of the Herald, who called for the purpose of interviewing them on the subject of a duel supposed to be in contemplation. "Both were thrown into consternation on learning that the omniscient Herald had become possessed of the facts in relation to the affair." We should say that the Herald was possessed not only of the facts posed to be in contemplation. "Both were thrown into consternation on learning that the omniscient Herald had become possessed of the facts in relation to the affair." We should say that the Herald was possessed not only of the facts, but of considerable power of imagination. It proceeds to state that Mr. Sothern was seen during that dayat pistol practice, and that in his performance of Lord Dundreary in the evening he showed unusual nervousness. He may possibly have been nervous at the thought of having to get up early on a winter morning and pay a visit to the Tombs. But he, at any rate, knew that he was not going to fight a duel, and therefore pistol practice was unnecessary. It is the prerogative of novelists to know what a man does everywhere, but we were not aware that the omniscience of the Herald was equally extensive. However, we are told by it that Mr. Sothern and Mr. Florence "slept together" that night at the Gramercy Park Hotel, and endeavoured to console each other. Their conversation overnight is recorded, and at six o'clock in the morning they arose and "vainly groped for a match to illumine the thick darkness." Deprived of the gas, they dressed with difficulty and emerged into the snow to seek a cab. "It was a dreadful morning, resembling that on which the great Napoleon opened the bloody battle of Borodino." It is, at any rate, a fact that there was a battle of Borodino. But as regards the residue of the story we really do not know what to think. The two comedians, without breakfast and thoroughly disgusted, reached the Somb steps, "cursing their luck and each other." We may take it that this is what the Herald thinks they ought, as men of wit and spirit, to have done under the circumstances. They were in a very bad humour, and the court-room was as cold as an icebox. A sergeant of police had dogged them all the way from the hotel, fearing that they would take an early train and leave the city. After awaiting Judge Dowling for some time, they told the sergeant that they had had no breakfast. T

"ends the joke of the biters bit."

We have heard many wonderful things of the law and its administration in America, but this is as nearly incredible as anything that was ever stated on the authority of a newspaper. It is easy to put aside the manifest ornaments of the story. But we seem to be under the necessity of believing the substance of it, which is that a judge caused a subpena to be served by a sergeant of relies in what purposed to be a comingal inquiry and that of police in what purported to be a criminal inquiry, and that he did this as a practical joke. If such an incident had been introduced into one of Lever's novels as having happened in Ireland fifty years ago, it might not have been thought extravagant. But it appears, to say the least, out of place in New York at the present time. It would be easy to understand that a sham subpena might have been served by a mock policeman, and that the persons to whom it was addressed might have been deceived by it. But if Mesers. Sothern and Florence lost a dinner by one practical joke, and a breakfast by another, they may possibly consider that the game is not worth the candle.

CRUELTIES IN LIVE CATTLE TRAFFIC.

IT is now half a century since an effort was first made to obtain by law more humane treatment for the creatures commonly designated "lower animals." The Act of Parliament (3 Geo. IV., c. 71) entitled "an Act to prevent the cruel and improper treatment of cattle," was familiarly called after its humane author, was the control of the c saint Martin's Act. This law was amended in 1835, and a new and improved Act was passed in 1849. Knackers' yards were placed under supervision by a law passed in 1845, and in 1854 the use of dogs as beasts of burden was made illegal. Last year the use of dogs as beasts of burden was made illegal. Last year and the year preceding witnessed the passing of laws for the pretection of both sea and land birds during their breeding season; whilst by the 32 and 33 Victoria, c. 70, Railway Companies were required to provide during transit food and water for the cattle conveyed by them. This continued and progressive legislation gives abundant evidence of a desire felt by Parliament to interfere for the abundant evidence of a desire felt by Parliament to interfere for the protection of dumb animals against cruelties inflicted on them. Nor has public opinion been behind Parliamentary action. Many of us can remember the jeers and the jests with which the earlier prosecutions under "St." Martin's Act were witnessed, and we can compare such proceedings with the satisfaction almost universally expressed at the late Parliamentary legislation for the protection of birds. It is impossible not to recognize with pleasure this marked and growing interest in the protection of animals. Time was when it was called sport to indulge in bull-baiting, cock-fighting, duck-hunting, badger-drawing, and a number of other pastimes in which the torture of animals was always an exciting and attractive feature. Such painful exhibitions have altogether passed away, or only linger in the form of "battues" and "pigeon matches." This happy change has been accomplished, partly no doubt by the pressure of the laws to which we have just referred, but still more, we hope, by better teaching. We know more of the nature and endowments of animals. The acuteness of the special senses of many of by better teaching. We know more of the nature and endowments of animals. The acuteness of the special senses of many of these creatures has long been a subject of familiar observation. It is not difficult to trace amongst animals endowments of the nervous system of an order as high as those of special sense just nervous system of an order as high as those of special sense just referred to. We might mention numberless instances of the acuteness of their mental perceptions, of their docility, of their powers of memory, of their hates and their loves, of their fidelity, of their gratitude, and so on. These familiar facts teach us that creatures thus endowed cannot suffer injury without feeling pain even as man himself does; and that it is often their patient endurance, not less than their incapability of expression or of resenting injury, that prevents our knowing the extent of pain which they are made to suffer. Recognizing this progressive improvement in the past, we look for still further improvement in the future. Much has been done; there still remains much to do. We are more especially led to make these observations in consequence of some recent disclosures as to the cruelties to which cattle travelling by rail are liable. For example, it was recorded a few weeks ago recent disclosures as to the cruelties to which cattle travelling by rail are liable. For example, it was recorded a few weeks ago that a number of cows in calf were sent from Scotland to the West of England by railway without food or water, and that when they arrived at their destination they were in such a state of suffering that several of them were immediately slaughtered as the only possible means of relief for their agony. A correspondent of the Times recently described as follows what he saw whilst waiting at one of the Eastern Counties' railway stations:—

My attention was extracted to the unpresenter prictions described as

of the Times recently described as follows what he saw whilst waiting at one of the Eastern Counties' railway stations:—

My attention was attracted to the up-passenger platform, alongside of which was a cattle train, by a succession of oaths, exclamations, and sounds as of blows of sticks rapidly delivered. On crossing the line to see what all this meant, I found an unfortunate ox stretched on its belly across the lowered door or gangway of one of the trucks. The poor brute lay panting, utterly exhausted, with his forelegs resting on the floor of the truck, his hind legs stretched out touching the platform. Half-a-dozen drovers surrounded the animal intent on overcoming his exhaustion, and on compelling him to get on his legs. The method which they adopted was this: two of the fellows dragged him by the horas, another twisted his tail, whilst one at each side belaboured his back and sides with rapidly falling blows of endgels, only intermitted for the moment whilst the endgels were used as goads. There lay the helpless brute, every now and then making a vaineffort to rise, until after quite fifteen minutes' torture he was got upon his legs and pushed in among the other animals in the truck, where it was presumed that close packing would prevent his falling on the floor of the van and being trampled to death. On inquiry I learnt that these cattle came from Ireland. They generally arrive in Dublin from various parts of the country, and are immediately shipped for Liverpool, where they are trucked for various English markets—in this instance for Norwich, Fatigued by the journey in Ireland, knocked about and sickened in crossing the Channel, tired by travelling for many hours on English lines, often without food or water, one or more of the creatures frequently sink in the truck candot ortured control of the truck and tortured to the channel, tired by travelling for many hours on English lines, often without food or water, one or more of the creatures frequently sink in the truck and tortured to the proceedings I

Another correspondent says that "it is well known that animals are frequently left in the trucks without food or water from Thursday to the Monday following." We have reason to fear that instances of like cruelty are familiar to most travellers by railway who have of his crueity are familiar to most travellers by railway who have taken the trouble to look into the matter. It seems to us that a system so abounding in horrors requires but exposure in order to its being put an end to. The remedies for these evils, partial or complete as they may be, are quite accessible. It is strange that they have not already been adopted; for not only do the unfortunate brates of whom we write suffer physical torture, but their money value to the owners is greatly lessened.

The first step towards a partial relief for these poor creatures is that taken by Parliament, to which we have already referred. By

the 32 and 33 Vic. c. 70, § 64, Railway Companies are required to provide food and water for cattle at certain stations, but, according to the usual muddling system, they are not required to supply either one or the other to the brutes, except on demand of the consignor. The consignor makes no demand and the animals supply either one or the other to the brutes, except on demand of the consignor. The consignor makes no demand, and the animals cannot help themselves. Hunger, thirst, suffering, and exhaustion are the results. The simple remedy would be a bylaw of the Railway Company, or an order in Council prohibiting the reception of cattle for conveyance by railway unless the consignor agreed to pay for, and the Company undertook to supply, the food and water necessary whilst the animals were in their

In the second place, it seems that cattle are conveyed in trucks sufficiently well adapted, it may be, for the conveyance of wood or coal, but unfit for the conveyance of living animals. The trucks are in many instances unprovided with means of shelter from the weather, or of breaking the shocks which occur in shunting, these weather, or of breaking the shocks which occur in shunting, these shocks being all the more severe in consequence of the looseness of the couplings in luggage trains. Cattle trucks are mixed up with these luggage trucks, and they are of course liable to be frequently shunted and delayed, whilst the unhappy beasts are knocked about, frightened, hurt, and fevered, with the result of ren-dering their flesh more and more unwholesome for human food. It dering their flesh more and more unwholesome for human food. If live cattle should continue to be sent by rail, a better system of rail-way organization for the purpose becomes an absolute necessity. These, however, are at best but partial remedies. The complete remedy is one which we believe will sooner or later be adopted. It is the substitution of the carriage of the flesh of the animal prepared for sale for the carriage of the living beast itself. The advantages of such a system are great and manifest; the difficulties of adopting it, fictitious and factitious as they are, are surmountable. It is an established fact that the flesh of animals killed near their fattening ground is much sweeter and more wholesome than that of the tortured, fevered beasts killed in close and filthy slaughterhouses. There is also an absolute loss to the owner of the cattle that have travelled long distances by railway. A fat o loses houses. There is also an absolute loss to the owner of the cattle that have travelled long distances by railway. A fat ox loses in a journey from Scotland to London from one to two hundred-weight or more. Again, from another point of view, if five or six thousand oxen are weekly slaughtered in London, it may be calculated that a shipload of manure is weekly brought to our doors polluting our atmosphere, whilst, if this material were left in the country, the land would have profited by its presence. Difficulties no doubt exist, and objections have been made to the adoption of this dead meat traffic. The first objection is a singular one, and it is this—that the carriage of a live animal costs considerably less this dead meat traffic. The first objection is a singular one, and it is this—that the carriage of a live animal costs considerably less than does that of a part of his body when dead. Trouble for trouble, weight for weight, and bulk for bulk, no one can doubt that the charge for a portion of the dead animal should be less than the charge for the whole of the living one. It is, however, not so. No doubt this anomaly is due to the terms made by agriculturists with the railway constructors in the infancy of these undertakings. The cattle-breeders secured the conveyance of their live stock at a cheap rate, whilst meat is carried at the rate of ordinary merchandize. We do not say that cattle are carried too cheaply, or meat at too high a charge, but it is time that these anomalous charges should be revised.

It is said that butchers could not adapt their supplies to their

It is said that butchers could not adapt their supplies to their wants if they had not the animals within their immediate reach for slaughter. But this objection cannot be maintained when we know what the telegraph under an improved system can accomplish. Lastly, it is said that, practicable as the system may be in cold weather, it would break down in summer. We doubt this; the carcass of an animal killed in the country in the afternoon could be sent an animal killed in the country in the afternoon could be sent with perfect safety in properly constructed vans during the night to London or other large towns. The like objection was made to the supply of milk; but now London and other cities receive a large supply of milk during the entire year from the country. What has been done in the case of milk can and ought to be done in the case of meat, as it is indeed done now to a great extent, and was done almost exclusively during the year of the cattle plague; for then, as will be remembered, the movement of live cattle was prohibited. For London, the chief of cities, a dead meat supply, and no other, must ere long be established, inasmuch as slaughterhouses must happily very soon cease to be found amongst us. The period of grace for their removal—a long one, no less than thirty years—given by Act of Parliament (7 and 8 Vic. chap. 84, § 65), will expire in 1874, and we earnestly hope that by that time, if not sooner, the traffic in live fat cattle will have been brought to an end, and with it a series of cruelties which are discreditable to our age and country. to our age and country.

THE SCULPTURES FROM EPHESUS.

NOW that the excavations on the site of the Temple of the Ephesian Artemis have yielded some fruit, it may be useful and interesting to test its quality, and to inquire into its nature and value. Sufficient materials are already before us upon which to form some estimate; though further success in the work upon which Mr. Wood is again engaged at Ephesus will, it is to be hoped, furnish further and richer data for a conclusion. At the present moment we shall confine our remarks to the sculptural fragments which have reached this country; and we propose to make some attempt towards fixing their true place in our national collection, and in the history of Hellenic art generally.

It is of immense importance that the period of these remains can be assigned within about a quarter of a century, for their technical peculiarities sufficiently stamp an epoch, and light is much needed as to the characteristics of the schools of sculpture of the Alexandrine and immediately following period. With the of the Alexandrine and immediately following period. With the exception of coins, we have few remains which can with certainty

of the Alexandrine and immediately following period. With the exception of coins, we have few remains which can with certainty be referred to that era, for the test afforded by works existing in Museums, and reputed to be copies of originals by Scopas, Praxiteles, Lysippus, and others, is after all based upon circumstantial evidence. Even could the attribution of the supposed originals be satisfactorily proved in any case, we should still not be free from doubt as to the faithful adherence of the copyist to the finer traits of the master's chisel, and our doubts would be justified by the number of repliche in some instances, severally differing in absolute merit, and the best perhaps differing, we cannot tell how much, from the prototype. It is therefore of the first necessity in such questions that the period and provenienza of a given work should be beyond dispute.

The sculptures from the Artemision bear internal evidence of the approaching decline of the great schools of Hellenic art, and are so far in agreement with what we know from independent sources. The fatal influence of the Peloponnesian war, which had drained Athens of its treasure and its manhood, and had shaken the whole of Hellas, left no room for the undertaking of such public works as had distinguished the Periclean age. The sublime and spiritual school of Phidias could have found no echo in that internecine clangour, and as little welcome amongst the new generation, with its political and social corruptions. But the point of perfection to which it and the rival school of Sikyon had carried the means of art could not easily be forgotten or extinguished. Athenian artists sought refuge and employment elsewhere, chiefly in Asiatic Greece. The seed sown ripened to a fresh harvest, differing indeed from the former with the difference of the social soil from which it sprang, but still retaining traces of its noble origin. Scopas, Praxiteles, Leochares, and Bryaxis, revived or continued the Attic traditions. Euphranor and Lysippus sustained the fame of these masters. Nay, more, we have reason to believe that both Scopas and Praxiteles contributed to its sculptural decorations.

sian Artemis was contemporaneous with the labours of some or all of these masters. Nay, more, we have reason to believe that both Scopas and Praxiteles contributed to its sculptural decorations. Bearing these things in mind, we may proceed to examine the fragments before us in detail. They include, as will be known to such of the public as have looked for them—I. A portion of the lower and sculptured drum of a column. 2. A smaller portion of a second. 3. A piece, the architectural place of which it is difficult to allot, but which certain marks would lead us to suppose may have belonged to a sculptured podium. A more shattered piece, pretty surely pertaining to the same object, or having a similar use, has since turned up in the excavations, but has not yet reached us. The two drums are from every point of view the most interesting among the objects enumerated. Apart from their artistic worth, they possess an exceptional value for the student of art history and for the scholar. For their discovery, as has been already sufficiently made known, satisfactorily clears up and justifies a passage in Pliny which hitherto could only be reconciled with our knowledge and beliefs about the practice of the Greeks in art by assuming its corruptness and suggesting at best lame emendations; not indeed that the clever guess of Winckelmann, adopted by Brunn, quite deserves that title.

Strictly speaking, the sculptures in question must be considered as subordinate to the architecture. They may be classed under the head of zophori, though that term is generally confined to friezes bearing the figures of living beings. Applied as these groups are to columns, the limitations in treatment were narrower than in the case of a continuous frieze, where rhythmical order and proportion, alternate repetition and contrast of masses and lines, and symmetry and variety aiding and balancing each other, offered full scope to the inventive skill of the artist. But here the opportunities were diminished and the difficulties increased. There is e round altars, and, above all, vases had given free play to their invention in this direction. And the adornment in this wise of the columns of a temple which was meant to surpass all others in splendour as in extent was but a new application of the same species of ornament. The idea scarcely sprang all-armed from the brain even of a Dinocrates. Here the adjustment of the figures to their cylindrical ground with reference to the column is worthy of study. A system of relief was chosen which may be said to hang between alto and basso, though it approaches more to the latter, and never fully attains the former, which would have necessitated either inconvenient projections, or the sinking of the ground within the general diameter of the column. So masterly has been the use of this semi-alto in the figure of Hermes, where the management of the nude made it most of all difficult. where the management of the nude made it most of all difficult, that even in oblique views the eye is not afflicted by a sense of incompleteness or distortion.

Beginning with the half figure to our extreme right on the less

injured drum, we may pass it by with the remark that it indicates a male personage seated, clothed at all events as to the limbs, and sandaled with the ornamental footgear which is familiar to us through the Belvedere Apollo and hundreds of other examples, and which invariably distinguishes rank amongst gods and men. The headless female before him and facing us is clad in the long chitton girt as diploidion. Behind her—whether fastened on the shoulders or depending from the head is uncertain—hangs a mantle, reaching to the calf of the leg. The dress is not unusual; but its disposition, and the pose of the figure itself, recall in some respects the noble statue at Munich known as "Lenkothea." The left hand, raised towards the opposite breast, holds an object which once extended to the now lost right, and as to the nature of which we can form no plausible guess. It most nearly resembles a phendone or diadem of some sort. Proceeding leftwards, we are greeted by the unmistakable figure of the athletic, youthful Hermes, resting on the right foot in momentary pause, holding the lowered kerykeion in the right hand, and looking upwards with parted lip, as if awaiting a command from above. The left arm rests by its hand behind the hip, and is furied in the drooping chlamys. Beyond Hermes is a second female figure, fronting us like the first, but clothed in more matronly fashion. She wears over the fine half-sleeved chitton the peplos, a corner of which she raises across and above the waist with the right hand, while the now efficed left evidently once sustained a second corner, as if she were about to unite both upon the shoulder, or possibly only to adjust the left portion upon it. The cast of the peplos is of extreme beauty, and its execution leaves little to be desired. The same may be said of the inner gament where it covers the bosom, and where it again appears descending in fine folds to the feet and furling over them. The last shape which meets our eye is one of rare attractiveness. A youth faces us with long dro wrought, and in the action common and plebeian. These disparities, as well between the separate figures as within each in itself, would give rise to the conjecture that even upon this limited group two or more chisels had been at work. Perhaps the nude and the draped figures were respectively given to different hands. Or may we here, and within this small compass, trace the contending or coalescing influences of separate schools? But, whatever the technical faults of this fragment, the composition which it presents sways us with an undefinable charm, and this in spite of the loss of the two female heads, the presence of which would add immeasurably to the effect upon the imagination.

We may conclude that each columna cælata contained a substantive and closed composition. The theme of ours it may be premature to guess at, but it easily suggests some subject connected with the katacthonian deities. The presence of Hermes, κῆρως μέγιστος τῶν ἀνω τὶ καὶ κάτω, gives colour to this hypothesis. The sitting figure may perhaps be Pluto; the female before him, Persephone; the other female, Demeter. The last mysterious figure, which, from its wings and its bodily type, has been thought to represent Erös, we should venture to call Thanatos. What attribute, if any, occupied the now destroyed right hand, it is impossible to say. It may have been an inverted torch; and the hand was certainly directed downwards. But it is the head which most strongly answers to the character of the genius of Death, as conceived by the Greek imagination. A dreamy Sehnsucht pervades the almost sexless face; a sadness as if Death himself felt that he too was but the victim of an inexorable

Fate whose behests he must execute; and the lax unwavy hair is Fate whose behests he must execute; and the lax unwavy hair is drawn back behind the ears as if carelessly confined there. The ambrosial locks of Erös are, on the contrary, curly and rippled, and hang in tresses on the shoulders, or are knotted in clusters behind the head. We think, however, that the presence of the sword decides the question, and we recall the passage in the Alkestis of Euripides where Thanatos appears armed with a sword ready as "Priest of the Dying" to sever the lock from the victim sacred to Persephone:—

το 1 οδυ γυνή κάτεισιν είς "Αιδου δόμους, στείχω δ' έπ' αυτήνη, ώς κατάρξωμαι ξίφει" ἱρὸς γὰρ οὖτος τῶν κατά χθονὸς θεῶν ὅτου τόδ ἔγχος κρατὸς ἀγνίση τρίχα.

This unique illustration of a unique passage adds in no small degree to the interest and value of the long-buried fragment. From an archæological point of view it is worthy of remark that the baldric (telamon) by which the sword is slung is a double parallel cord, seemingly covered with leather, and unknown to us in any other instance save, strangely enough, on an archaic metope of one of the temples at Selinus, where the scabbard of the warrior in strife with a goddess (perhaps Athena and Enkelados) is sustained by a cord exactly similar.

The female, probably divine, assemblage on the second drum presents us with some remarkable points of beauty. The foot, for instance, of the sitting figure on our left is finely formed and wrought. The drapery throughout is beautifully disposed, and though broadly and sketchily handled, shows command of the material and implements, and a thorough knowledge of the plicature of woven stuffs. The clothing here, as in all true Greek art, was not an object of primary care to the artist, but was used as an adjunct to express the character and action of the figure. Two of these figures are seated upon frusts of columns, a motive not was not an object of primary care to the artist, but was used as an adjunct to express the character and action of the figure. Two of these figures are seated upon frusta of columns, a motive not infrequent in ancient reliefs and paintings. Possibly we may trace in this group, and even in the other, the progress of a pictorial mode of viewing sculpture in relief. The art of painting, at the era when these works were produced, was attaining, or had attained, its culminating point. Ephesus itself gave birth to Parrhasius, and became the adopted home of Zeuxis when the Peloponnesian War had banished art from Athens. Apelles was developing his genius there while the new temple was in progress. A mutual reaction of the two great branches of formative art might be reasonably looked for.

Whatever may have been the effect of these adorned columns upon the eye used to the severe grace of the Ionic order; whether the general aspect of the building was improved by them, and whether they may be recommended for imitation after the one splendid and colossal experiment, the impression made by them upon one first entering the fane must have been overpowering. We may try to imagine what it was, beneath the brilliant sky of the "Asian Meadow," to wander in this grove of peopled columns,

with brede

Of marble men and maidens overwrought,

peopled columns,

with brede

Of marble men and maidens overwrought,

lighted by wondrous reflections cast from one upon the other, and from the walls of the cella and the marble pavement below; but we shall but poorly realize the effect which it required the spectator's movement and ever-changing place in this still and magic world to complete. Of this at least we may be sure, that what the Greeks imagined and attempted they were unlikely to fail in accomplishing. Unfettered by precedents and rules as the artist of that time as yet was, and certain of appreciation from an impressible and imaginative race, he had but to give form to the conceptions of his rich thought.

The third fragment, a corner-piece, whether of a podium, frieze, large altar, or what not, and which was once crowned by a rich cornice, presents on both faces remains of three human figures, of which one only—that of a draped female—is in tolerable preservation. We have not space to do more than touch upon this figure from the technical side. The action is energetic and true, and the form is filled with that vitality which is never absent from genuine Grecian art, even when far from its highest. The agitated drapery is roughly but expressively carved, but in manner of conception and treatment differs widely from that of the greater Attic school. Here, on the contrary, we are rather reminded of the drapery of the Niobide of the Museo Chiaramonti in the Vatican. There is the same sharpness and squareness, the same multiplicity of folds. It will be instructive to compare it in our example with that of the "Iris" from the eastern pediment of the Parthenon. The block more recently found, and structurally corresponding with that just mentioned, is also a corner-piece, and shows on the one face a mutilated but grandiose male torso, in heroic action; on the other, traces of the head, neck, and antlers of a deer. Did the entire composition portray the Labours of Herskles?

On the whole, we have reason to congratulate ourselves upon the sculptural produc

cavations on the site of the renowned Artemsion. Besides their esthetic worth, which is not unimportant, they will form a valuable contribution to our knowledge of a period of art about which we have much to learn. We are glad to know that the authorities of the Royal Museum at Berlin, with that enlightened zeal for art which distinguishes them, have applied for casts from these works, which will be placed in the superb collection of casts from the antique forming part of that institution.

THE THEATRES

THE THEATRES.

THE popularity of Mr. Gilbert's fairy comedy has been sufficiently manifest at the Haymarket Theatre during the past week. His success is one of the most surprising, and at the same time gratifying, incidents in the history of the modern stage. The playbill mentions the composers of the incidental music and of the dresses, as if they were of equally great or small importance, as probably they are. Indeed no play could easily owe less of its effect to accessories than this does. It is very well written and tolerably well acted, and that is all. The ludicrous appearance of two tall centlemen in gowns, who represent male fairies, is hamily tolerably well acted, and that is all. The ludicrous appearance of two tall gentlemen in gowns, who represent male fairies, is happily terminated by their despatch from fairyland—where one cannot help feeling that they must be very much in the way—to earth. The idea of the play is that every fairy has "a perfect counterpart in outward form" among mankind. The personal resemblance is supposed to be complete, but the circumstances and character are different, or rather, in fairy land circumstances are unchanging and its inhabitants have no character at all. land circumstances are unchanging and its innabitants have no character at all. The popular idea of fairies seems to be that they are all female, unless they happen to be malevolent, and this idea is practically convenient. But the idea of Mr. Gilbert is to distinguish the sexes among fairies while exempting them from the influence of love, and it is difficult to develop this idea without verging on absurdity. It was perhaps on this account that the verging on absurdity. It was perhaps on this account that the practice became common of representing cherubs on monuments with nothing to sit down upon. It is true that Shakspeare, who has largely influenced English thought on all subjects which he touches, introduces a fairy king as well as queen, and, having got as far as that, he makes them liable to human passions. Titania, as we all remember, reproaches Oberon for his gallantries, and he answers by what is called in the Divorce Court a counter charge. This quarrel has disturbed their subjects' sport, and even caused disorder among the elements, and confused the seasons: caused disorder among the elements, and confused the seasons:

The winds, piping to us in vain, As in revenge, have suck d up from the sea Contagious fogs, which, falling in the land, Have every pelting river made so proud, That they have overborne their continents.

If Mr. Gilbert's view of the fairy world 'be correct, the abnormal If Mr. Gilbert's view of the fairy world be correct, the abnormal weather which now prevails cannot be ascribed to matrimonial bickering between Oberon and Titania. If there is no love there can be no jealousy, and the fairies lead a life free from emotion and excitement, in which the ladies do fancywork and the gentlemen do nothing in calm content. It is the habit of men to think that this kind of thing might do for women, but would be intolerable to themselves; and this is perhaps the reason why fairies are usually represented of the feminine gender, or of no distinct gender at all. But Mr. Gilbert's story requires that two knights should be brought from earth to perturb the blissful abode of the fairies; and thus he is compelled to produce the fairy counof the fairies; and thus he is compelled to produce the fairy counterparts of these knights, who look as much at home as a modern husband in his own house immediately after his wife's confinement. As long as the knights' visit lasts, fairyland is a tolerably lively place; but when they return to earth, it seems likely to become as dull as a country town after the races. Indeed this is not an advance to a conversion of the service of the adequate comparison, for a provincial beauty can always look forward to the next ball; but there can be no possibility of any event which can bring any nice young men to fairyland any more. This reflection throws a shade of melancholy over the last scene. We do not like to contemplate the condition of all these young and pretty creatures, singing all day long "Nobody coming to marry me; nobody coming to woo." We are reminded of the profane American who said that, doubting his own fitness for heaven, and also heaven's fitness for him, he was willing to accept plantation life "down" in full of all prospects of celestial felicity. It may be true of a human maiden that

'Tis better to have loved and lost Than never to have loved at all;

because she is at least able to sympathize with the sorrows of her friends. But in fairyland there would be no sorrow except that of the immediate victims of the fascinations of the two knights. There is something almost tragic in the prospect of unbroken tranquillity on which the curtain falls. The knights return to earth, where other mistresses await them; but the fairies will find earth, where other mistresses await them; but the fairies will find their home henceforward like what, let us say, Doncaster would have been if a respected inhabitant could have persuaded his fellow-townsmen to abolish the races. Imagination exhausts itself in seeking a parallel for the misery of unalloyed happiness. Perhaps a passage to Australia in fine weather, with comfortable berths, a well-served table, and no flirtation might come near it while the passage lasted; but that can only be for a few weeks. For the dwellers in fairyland, an eternal existence is appointed without change, or fear, or hope. It is impossible not to sympathize with the longing which they express for a share of the pleasures and pains of the wicked world upon which from their cloud-mansion they look down:—

With all their misery, with all their sin.

With all their misery, with all their sin, With all the elements of wretchedness. That teem in that unholy world of theirs, They have one great and ever-glorious gift, That compensates for all they have to bear, The gift of Love!

The speech from which these lines are taken is a good example of

Mr. Gilbert's power of intermingling pleasant satire of the existing world with the discourse of ideal characters. The greatest miracle that love works is that it blinds the maiden to her lover's faults. In her eyes he becomes

Wise in his folly, blameless in his sin.

Wise in his folly, blameless in his sin.

When love is introduced into fairyland it works even more potently than on earth. The Gothic knight to whom the Fairy Queen innocently avows her passion is as selfish as a middle-aged bachelor of modern time; yet she loves him all the more for his cruel confession of indifference. When the time comes for the return of the knights to earth, they expend little emotion on parting from their fairy loves. It must be owned that Mr. Gilbert has not drawn a flattering picture of his own sex. The maxim of Sir Ethais seems to be that one woman is as good as another and better, and he not only thinks this, which is bad, but in effect says it, which is worse. After such unsatisfactory experience of mortal love, the ladies of fairyland resolve that they will have no more of it, and if the piece could end here it would be well. But unfortunately, when the knights return to earth, the fairy counterparts of the knights return to cloudland, and one cannot help feeling that upon this question of excluding love the gentlemen have a right to be consulted. It would appear, however, that the female fairies have not only obtained the suffrage for themselves, but have disfranchised the males. The case is harder because the knights' counterparts have been one arth and tasted its pleasures, and may possibly have been more fortunate in their lovemaking but have disfranchised the males. The case is harder because the knights' counterparts have been on earth and tasted its pleasures, and may possibly have been more fortunate in their lovemaking than the fairies who have rashly bestowed affection on heartless knights. It is quite possible that these he-fairies have enjoyed their visit to the wicked world, and would like to introduce some of its manners and customs into fairyland. If the actors who play these parts looked ridiculous before they changed from long-clothes to coats of mail, they look much more so now that they have changed back again to long-clothes. They suggest the idea of two big boys who were sent to a girl's school when they were little, and whose parents have forgotten to take them away. But we cannot laugh at them for pity. They perhaps may have found love on earth agreeable, and would like a little more of it. But the she-fairies apply a sort of permissive prohibitory law, and vote that there shall be no more love. If we are sorry for the ladies, we are ten times more sorry for the gentlemen, who not only look, in their petticoats, as if they could not help it, but really cannot. We almost feel inclined to ask Mr. Gilbert to alter his play, as some playwright altered Lear, and mitigate the mournfulness of the conclusion. There might be at least on three nights of the week a partition of fairyland by treaty. Let the ladies do as they like in one half, and the gentlemen do as they like in the other. The ladies can, and of course will, adhere to their resolve of non-intercourse with the wicked world, and the gentlemen can please themselves. An old lady is said to have told a young lady that she had seen the folly of pleasure. The young lady answered that she wished to see the folly of it likewise. The gentlemen fairies might perhaps answer the lady fairies in the same way. It is finely said early in the play that the love of mortals bears like relation to that of fairies relation to that of fairies

That the fierce beauty of the noonday sun Bears to the calm of a soft summer eve.

The he-fairies might perhaps desire to bask in the summer sun a little longer. They would be content with evening when it comes, but need not desire to push on the clock. At any rate they ought to be allowed to vote upon the question of their own disfranchisement.

The satisfaction arising from the success of the Wicked World will be heightened by observing that the sensational drama has for the time become almost extinct in London. At the Holborn Theatre may be seen an "original domestic drama," in which for the time become almost extinct in London. At the Holborn Theatre may be seen an "original domestic drama," in which occurs a fire and also a supposed drowning in real water, which is made to splash in an impressive manner. But these effects are introduced with a modesty which is at once new and agreeable. The author has taken some pains to write his play, and the manager has endeavoured to collect a tolerable company to act it. We fear, indeed, that he may fall between two stools. His play is good, but not good enough to attract without more startling effects. The incidents and characters are thoroughly well worn, and when we get to the comic Irishman we are tempted to ask where is the originality of the piece unless it be in making an audacious experiment on our patience. However, the piece is a very mild example of the sensational class of drama, and it is, we believe, the only one in London. Two theatres are playing the School for Scandal and one is playing the Rivals nightly. At another house a more modern comedy, Money, holds firm possession. Historical drama is strongly represented by Charles I. and Cromwell. It is possible that all or some of these pieces may run for months, and indeed it has come to this, that any good new play or well-selected revival will keep a theatre going for a year. This is of course pleasant for managers, but the public may ask play or well-selected revival will keep a theatre going for a year. This is of course pleasant for managers, but the public may ask with some anxiety how young actors are to learn their business. However, if they must play the same part for a year, it is some consolation that the part belongs to a good play.

. REVIEWS.

WOOD'S JOURNEY TO THE SOURCE OF THE OXUS.*

JUST thirty-six years ago an officer of the Indian navy, Lieutenant John Wood, was appointed assistant on the Commercial Mission to Afghanistan which was entrusted to Sir Alexander Burnes. While the chief of the expedition remained at Cabul, Lieutenant Wood and Dr. Perceval Lord penetrated the regions beyond the Hindu Kosh, and the former, leaving his companion at Kunduz, with some native attendants explored the Valley of the Oxus right up to its source. The fate of the three adventurous officers is remarkable. Dr. Lord was killed by a shot from a native fort at the battle of Purwandarrah on the 2nd of November, 1840, just one year before the fatal outbreak at Cabul. The historian of that dark and disastrous period relates how, at Purwandarrah, the "native troopers fled like sheep," and the English officers, unsupported, charged whole squadrons of Dooranee cavalry. The assassination of Secunder Burnes, as he was termed by the Afghans, forms one of the most striking passages in the volumes of the same accomplished writer. This eventhappened in the subsequent year, 1841, on the same day of the eventhappened in the subsequent year, 1841, on the same day of the same month. Lieutenant Wood, having had grave misgivings as to the result of our military occupation of Cabul, long ago quitted the Indian service, emigrated to New Zealand under a mistaken notion of the prospects of that colony, left the South Seas, failed in again obtaining employment in India, then tried Australia, returned to obtaining employment in India, then tried Australia, returned to England in 1857, for some years superintended the steam flotilla formed for the navigation of the Indus, and died very recently, after outliving his adventurous companions for more than thirty years. This book is a reprint, or rather a new edition, of the "Journey" by the son of the author; and it is prefaced by a critical disquisition on the geography of that unknown tract from the pen of Colonel Yule, who is well known to have possessed, while in India, the entire confidence of Lord Canning, and to have since given to the world an excellent version of the Travels of Marca Polo.

Our havinger world to the confidence of Lord Canning the confidence of Marca Polo.

Marca Polo.

Our business must be first with the explorer himself. Lieutenant or Captain Wood, to judge him from his own writings, appears to have been a man of a straightforward, honest, and fearless disposition, occasionally given to strew his pages with moral reflections and truisms; capable of enduring fatigue and hunger, and animated generally by that delight in exploration and adventure which is characteristic of members of the naval profession. In truth, the services of officers of that extinct service, the Indian Navy, were not always appreciated in their day, and are almost forgotten in our own. By a few they are only remembered as commanding the steamers which conveyed the Indian mails from Suez or Aden to Bombay at the modest rate of six miles an hour. Yet it is to them that we in a great measure owe our knowledge of the soundings of Aden harbour, of the depths of the Red Sea, of the island of Socotra, of the currents of the Indian Ocean, and of the shores of the Persian Gulf. By their labours, pursued under a burning sun, or a fiery blast from the sands of Arabia, or a tropical deluge in the monsoon, have been accumulated ample stores of observation on nautical phenomena and facts; of Arabia, or a tropical deluge in the monsoon, have been accumulated ample stores of observation on nautical phenomena and facts; and in the two Burmese wars, as well as in the Indian mutiny, they were seen working guns and attacking palisades in honourable rivalry with officers and sailors of the Royal Navy. About eleven years ago, in one of those cold fits of doubtful economy from which few statesmen can escape, the Indian navy was abolished as an encumbrance. The loss was speedily felt; and it was one of the several politic acts of Lord Mayo that he at length obtained from the Admiralty a squadron of vessels suitably manned and equipped for continuous service, in the pay and under the orders of the Indian Government, in the Persian and Arabian waters. Attempts to coerce slavers and to entice reluctant chieftains into treaties which must be kept, require, it need hardly be said, some treaties which must be kept, require, it need hardly be said, some-thing more than mere diplomatic skill.

thing more than mere diplomatic skill.

To return to Lieutenant Wood and his book. That affairs in Central Asia require all the light of past experience no one will deny. One part of this volume is instructive as dealing with a region which only one Englishman has trod. Another is interesting because it mentions places where the palaces, courts, and chases of native rulers have, in the last twenty or thirty years, been succeeded by the British Cantonment and the Cutcherry, the race-course and the gaol. In one chapter we have a picture of a bleak steppe or a Kirghiz encampment such as we read of in Vambéry. In a second we find Dost Mahommed playing chess at Cabul, as he has been seen by men still living to play that game at Calcutta with one of the sisters of the late Lord Auckland. The reprint of the work, though creditable to the editor's filial affection and judgment of its geographical and political importance. The reprint of the work, though creditable to the editor's filial affection and judgment of its geographical and political importance, might very well have been revised and improved. In the first place, the spelling of Oriental names is based on no one regular principle, and varies from the rigid pedantry of the accurate school to wild aberrations of individual fancy. At the commencement of the work we have the system of transliteration employed after a fashion which would have delighted the late Horace Hayman Wilson. As we get further into Afghanistan, towns, places, proverbs, and phrases are written with the amount of

phonetic precision which we might expect from some honest captain of a merchantman who, landing at an Indian Presidency in the middle of the last century, amazed his friends at the East India Docks on his return with wonderful stories about Moormen and Gentoos. It was, too, hardly necessary to tell us that a painter is "the rope by which a boat is secured." It was surely incumbent on the editor to have explained or translated such a sentence as "the women were walking among the Zird Alu trees, now partially in blossom." These words are not symbols for any remarkable botanical novelties. They are simply the Persian for "apricots," from zard, yellow, and alu, a potato. In short, as so often happens in similar cases, we have some information which we did not want, to compensate for the absence of the note which would have made things plain to the general reader. In the same way we are told of "handkerchiefs made from the silk called lab-i-ab, the produce of worms reared on the banks of the Oxus." The last words of this sentence are in reality a translation of the Persian lab, bank, and ab, water. But we are not told so, and there is no indication that the writer understood the force of the expression. The word "gup," though current amongst Anglo-Indians to express popular rumours and the small talk of society, is derived from a Sanskrit word, and is not Persian at all. Consequently we very much doubt its entering into the conversation of a domestic circle of Mahommedans in the villages of Badakshan. Lieutenant Wood in this instance probably thought and spoke in familiar Hindustani, while he intended to speak Persian. Chopper kallu is certainly not Indian for chess; at least, it is not the term by which this ancient game is usually known to those who speak a derivative either of the Indo-Germanic or the Semitic languages. Chess is chaturanga, or "four members," corrupted into the Persian shatranj. Chaupar, or chopper, is a common word for dice. If chess is known at Shikarpore in Scinde as chopper kallu, it can only phonetic precision which we might expect from some honest captain of a merchantman who, landing at an Indian Pre-

his men. It is incumbent on us to point out these tiresome errors, because, with the increased interest shown in India and Central Asia, and with the number of officers and civilians always at home on leave, rectification was a very easy task. An editor who undertakes to give to the world some memoir, life, or narrative in which the employment of Eastern phraseology is unavoidable, should submit his proofs to an expert. He is no more justified in making guesses at truth on such topics, or in avoiding necessary explanations, than an ordinary father of a family would be in drawing up a marriage settlement for one of his daughters without referring the deed to a lawyer.

The editor, however, is fully justified in the step which he has taken; and the narrative is full of incidents experienced by the traveller himself, as well as of glimpses and revelations of Oriental life. The line taken by Lieutenant Wood and his companions, concisely stated, was as follows:—Entering one of the mouths of the Indus, they sailed or tracked up that river to Attock; thence by Peshawur, the Khyber, the fort of Ali Musjid, and Jellalabad, they reached Kabul, where they were introduced by Akbar Khan, then quite a young man, to his father, the Dost. Leaving Burnes at the capital, Lieutenant Wood and his companion, Dr. Lord, started in the month of October 1837, and after a vain attempt to enter Turkestan by the Eastern passes, returned, crossed the river Helmund, passed through the Hazara country, and reached Bamian by the Pimuri defile and the valley of Zohák. Having thus got over the range of Hindu Kosh, their course, after a time, lay nearly due east, through Kunduz and Jerm. Dr. Lord remained at the former place, and Wood, with a native factorum named Ghulam Hassain, with Abdul Ghani, an officer of the household of Murad Beg, who then ruled in Badakshan, and with a few native followers, made his way through the Wakhan country to the plateau of Pamir and to the source of the Oxus. Our space allows us to do little more than touch on pa country to the plateau of Pamir and to the source of the Oxus. Our space allows us to do little more than touch on particular points in the narrative, but we must impress on our readers that Wood was the first Englishman, and the only European, who had visited the source of this famous river since the days of the adventurous Venetian, Marco Polo. Other men will doubtless hereafter track his footsteps, benefit by his leadership, and possibly supply his deficiencies; but we have the testimony of Colonel Yule for believing that, in all essentials, his account is accurate, honest, and trustworthy; and no reader of the book will fail to appreciate its manly tone, or refuse to acknowledge that its author had a good deal in him of that pluck and determination to which we owe the solution of the far more difficult problem of the sources of the Nile.

The following will give some idea of the country, people, and manners which came under Wood's observation. The Afghans manners which came under Wood's observation. The Afghans and Badakshanis appear to have been generally hospitable, fond of talking round a fireside, and grave and humorous by turns; but we hardly think that Wood's estimate of their veracity would be borne out by the opinions of Indian officials who have served on the frontier of late years. And, so far from considering them inferior to the Sikhs, as the author evidently did, we should prefar a bearded Sikh proprietor from the Manjha to an Afghan from the Khoord Kabul. Abdul Ghani, Wood's guide and companion, seems to have been a compound of Roger Wildrake and Andrew Fairservice, rollicking as the one, sententious as the other. According to this philosopher, a man had three good friends in this world—the Koran, a horse, and a sword. There was no book like

^{*} A Journey to the Source of the River Oxus. By Captain John Wood, Indian Navy. New Edition. Edited by his Son. London: John Murray.

the first. To a good horse a man was indebted for his livelihood and his wives, as, apparently, with it he could steal for the one, and run off with the other. And the sword was his title-deed. and run off with the other. And the sword was his title-deed. This worthy personage, on returning to his home, found that a favourite slave, whom he had some thoughts of taking to wife, had been sold by his brother, without, and indeed against, authority, for the sum of 17L, and she was actually being carried off to the Bokhara slave market on horseback behind a burly stranger. We are left in some doubt whether the bereaved owner was more We are left in some doubt whether the bereaved owner was more exasperated by the loss of his favourite, or by the reflection that the purchaser would be likely to sell her in Khurm for one-half more than he gave. In the neighbourhood of Jerm the author became acquainted with a specimen of the black-coated Kaflirs. These men possess great intelligence, lay no claim to a divine revelation, call themselves the brothers of Englishmen, and have been hunted down by the Mussulmans for the purposes of the slave market. In the Wakhan country a Kirghiz encampment was found; one hundred families lived in tents, made of coarse felt on a frame of willow-work in the shape the purposes of the slave market. In the wakman country a Kirghiz encampment was found; one hundred families lived in tents, made of coarse felt on a frame of willow-work, in the shape of a dome, and warmed inside by a Russian cauldron placed on an iron tripod. The tent was shared by the family with the young iron tripod. The tent was shared by the family with the young lambs of the flock, and outside were some 2,000 yaks, 4,000 sheep, 1,000 Bactrian camels, and a number of dogs as fierce as those we read of in the Odyssey. The young women of the tribe were good-looking; the males small in stature, ugly, and weather-beaten, and much given to swallowing pinches and even handfuls of snuff. These men buried their relations under tombstones decked with the horns of the wild sheep, possibly as a means of recognition when the snow drifted over the graves. They profess a preference for daughters to sons, obtain as much as 401. means of recognition when the snow drifted over the graves. They profess a preference for daughters to sons, obtain as much as 40% for the marriage of the former, deck their wives with beads and ornaments of brass and oyster-shells, and pass them on, at the death of the husband, to the brothers and the next of kin. The food of the different families and tribes with whom the advendeath of the husband, to the brothers and the next of kin. The food of the different families and tribes with whom the adventurers put up, varied in quality and character. The Hazaras-supped on barley-bread and half-frozen water; at Kunduz all ranks had two good meals a day, of wheaten bread, pillaos of mutton, and soup, alternating with horseflesh which was expensive, and with pheasants which were delicacies. Tea was largely consumed, made in large iron pots, and enriched with clotted cream, with fat, and with salt instead of sugar. Game was abundant, especially during the winter, when birds were driven down into the valleys by the excessive cold. On the banks of the Koksha five hundred partridges were captured in a day's sport without firing a shot. Men and dogs lined the river and beat up the birds, which were pursued by mounted horsemen and literally run down. Pheasants were captured near Kunduz much on the same system, for at the second flight the birds appear to have surrendered, and to have been caught either by the dogs or the horsemen. Splendid specimens of the wild sheep were seen, and on one occasion eaten; but the real Rass, or 'Ovis Poli'—so named by Mr. Blyth after the Venetian traveller—was not seen alive. We do not find, as we might have expected, any speculations as to the dispersion of the lost tribes of Israel, which are often thought to have reached Turkestan and its vicinity; but, on the other hand, several chiefs stoutly affirmed their divert descent from Alaxander the Greet, and vicinity; but, on the other hand, several chiefs stoutly affirmed their direct descent from Alexander the Great; and one vague their direct descent from Alexander the Great; and one vague tradition—scarcely appreciated by Wood—connects Solomon, or Suliman, with his usual Takht, or throne, on the top of a mountain overlooking a valley once thriving and populous, but now nearly deserted. But for details of these and other interesting topics, the mines of ruby and of lapis-lazuli, the table land of Pamir, and the lake from which the Oxus issues, sublime in its snowy desolation at a height above the sea level about equal to Mont Blanc, we must refer readers to the book itself.

Colonel Yule's careful and learned essay deals with subjects to which only the Royal Geographical Society can do justice; but we may just mention that he shows reasons for holding the main contributaries of the Oxus to be four, and not five in number, as stated by the Arab geographers; that the whole length of the Oxus is about 1,400 miles; that the extent of the Pamir plateau is about 180 miles; and that the principal lake, amongst a number half known and scarcely identified, ought to be called, for the present at least, Wood's Sir-i-kol, or Lake Victoria.

The republication of this work is a suggestive commentary on the vast changes which have passed over our Indian Empire since

The republication of this work is a suggestive commentary on the vast changes which have passed over our Indian Empire since the mission of Burnes and his companions. At the time of Wood's exploration Runjit Sing was ruling at Lahore, and uttering clear-sighted and thoughtful prophecies about the inevitable spread of British power. Avitabile was striking terror into the Sikhs and Afghans by sanguinary punishments at which even Orientals were appalled. Dost Mahommed had not at given up all hoves of securing the support and counterpass of at which even Orientals were appalled. Dost Mahommed had not yet given up all hopes of securing the support and countenance of the East India Company or their Governor-General. Lord Lawrence was actively employed as a "rising official" on revenue and magisterial duties in the districts round Delhi. Lord Dalhousie had but lately left Christchurch. Lord Macaulay had just gained a notable triumph in the educational controversy over the infatuated adherents and supporters of Oriental classics, and was laying in philosophy and jurisprudence the broad foundations of his excellent Penal Code for India. Hindoos and Mahommedans had not yet begun to discourse glibly about national pledges and political rights; and the mind of the Sepoy, accustomed to a dazzling series of triumphs, had not deemed it possible that his comrades could ever be annihilated by the matchlocks of mountaineers in fair tighting, or that he himself could compete on his own soil for empire with the weapons of his own masters. After the lapse of more than a generation, after a series of events which might well fill a century, we are again brought face to face with Central Asian politics. And not the least suggestive portions of the book before us are those which, perhaps unintentionally, show the absurdity of expecting large commercial results from Central Asian traffic, which depict the difficulties of the country and the climate, and which disclose the willingness of the inhabitants to treat as friends and allies those who do not conceal aggression under the yell of a civilizing mission or a reciprocal trade. veil of a civilizing mission or a reciprocal trade

GRANT'S HISTORY OF THE NEWSPAPER PRESS.-VOL. III.

M. R. GRANT at first imagined that he could put his *History* of the Newspaper Press into a couple of volumes. He has just published what he calls a "third and concluding volume"; but this, whatever it may conclude, is apparently very far from being the conclusion of the work. There are to be more last words, and a series of concluding volumes, one of which is, it seems, to be devoted entirely to ourselves. We are deeply sensible of the honour which Mr. Grant intends for us; but unfortunately we cannot show our gratitude by speaking well of the volume of the honour which Mr. Grant intends for us; but unfortunately we cannot show our gratitude by speaking well of the volume before us, or qualifying in any way the opinion we felt bound to express as to the first part of the work. Mr. Grant thinks it necessary in his preface to offer a few words of explanation as to the plan on which he has written his History. He has acted, he tells us, on the principle of devoting the greatest amount of space to journals "whose history has been marked by interesting indicates." Mr. Great however, her year, peopley notions as to the the plan on which he has written his History. He has acted, he tells us, on the principle of devoting the greatest amount of space to journals "whose history has been marked by interesting incidents." Mr. Grant, however, has very peculiar notions as to the sort of incidents which fairly come within the scope of history. Everybody but Mr. Grant understands that, although we may make free with the private life of people who lived a long while ago, we are not exactly entitled to take similar liberties with the private affairs of our contemporaries. We may discuss Shakspeare's relations with Anne Hathaway, or speculate as to whether he made a good thing of his theatre, as much as we please; but the conjugal circumstances and professional gains of the managers or dramatists of our own day are not supposed to be legitimate subjects for public discussion. There is obviously the widest difference between writing the personal history of the Obsectator of Addison and Steele and the personal history of the Spectator of the present day; but nice distinctions of this kind are thrown away upon Mr. Grant. He is perfectly free and unrestrained in his inquiries into the most private circumstances of contemporary journalism. He tells us that one journal contrives to get a good many contributions without paying for them; that another is assisted by charitable contributions; that the proprietor of a third paper, a well-known politician who is mentioned by name, is not making so much out of the property as he once did. Mr. Grant is not, "he feels assured"—and the reader can have no difficulty in estimating the quality of the assurance—saying anything which the proprietors of another journal would have any objection to have made known when he says that they are "by no means pecuniary gainers" by the journal in question. He goes into a long story about a certain Protestant and Evangelical print, the owner of which "felt it due alike to himself and his readers to dispense with the services of his editor," and has since been fortunate readers to dispense with the services of his editor," and has since been fortunate enough to secure the services of another editor, of whom, for reasons best known to himself, Mr. Grant has an extremely high opinion. Some journals are doing very well, others are doing very badly; some are happy in the harmony of their family circle, others are less fortunate. Mr. Grant professes to know all about them. The contents of a newspaper are of course public property. Anybody who chooses can criticize them or comment on them. Every journal of mark has a distinct individuality about it, an individuality quite as distinct and pronounced as that of any public man, and there is no reason why this should not be analysed and described if any one thinks it worth while to do so. It is obvious, however, that the domestic arrangements of a newspaper concern only those persons who happen to be connected with it; and that other people have no more right to pry into these arrangements or to discuss them than they have to inquire what a neighbour has for dinner, or how he stands with his wine merchant, or whether he has been fortunate they have to inquire what a neighbour has for dinner, or how he stands with his wine merchant, or whether he has been fortunate in his recent investments. Mr. Grant chose a subject on which an interesting and useful book might have been written. Other writers indeed had been before him, but the field was far from being exhausted. Unfortunately he has not the qualities necessary for the task, and he has also set to work in a false direction. His book, where it goes over ground already worked, furnishes nothing new except his own blunders and bad grammar; in other respects it is an impertinence. The three bulky volumes are made up for the most part of slovenly and inaccurate compiare made up for the most part of slovenly and inaccurate compilation, ungrammatical twaddle, and unmannerly and ridiculous gossip. It is deplorable that Mr. Grant should not only persist in his offence, but should apparently be incapable of even comprehending why it should be considered an offence at all.

Mr. Grant in the preface to the present volume makes "a passing reference to the fact that, in reviewing the previous two volumes,

^{*} The Metropolitan, Weekly, and Provincial Press. By James Grant, Author of "Random Recollections," "The Great Metropolis," &c. Third and Concluding Volume of the "History of the Newspaper Press." London: Routledge & Sons.

certain critics professed to have discovered some inaccuracies in them." He observes that it is impossible to write a work of this description, "in which a number of facts"—what he calls them." He observes that it is impossible to write a work of this description, "in which a number of facts"—what he call: "falling into erro"; and we are quite ready to admit the force of the remark. It searcely requires to be pointed out that there are difficulties in the way of writing the personal history of anonymous journalism. It may be assumed that journalists who do not of their own accord publish their names do not seek publicity; and as the information which Mr. Grant thinks it necessary to print cannot be obtained from any authentic or authoritative source, he is necessarily reduced to make the most of whatever vague rumours or loose goosin may happen to reach him. Mr. Grant is not ashamed to retail as "history" the tattle of printers' devils and the confidences of newsvendors' boys. Our historian is very fond of talking about "my certain knowledge," "my personal knowledge," my "individual knowledge," "I speak," he says, "from certain knowledge when I say that chiefly, though not solely, from this source "—that is, money extorted under threat of slander—"dr. Westmacott of the Age, and Mr. Bernard Gregory of the Sativist, were making an income of from five to six thousand a year." Again, he says, "It consists with my personal knowledge that in the great majority of cases, especially in those of ladies, scandals damaging in some cases, and in others destructive to character, even where the imputations were wholly without foundation, were furnished anonymously by the professed friends of the persons whom it was sought publicly to slander." Unless Mr. Grant was himself on the staff of either of the infamous prints of which he speaks, or was in the habit of sending anonymous libels to them for publication, it is difficult to see how he could have any "certain knowledge" or "personal knowledge" or he subject. In the earlier part of this back of Grantal Cases, or "ground to the propertion of the protestant cause. Mr. Grant has since been informed by the Doctor's son, who was entirely in his father's confiden

posite of what they are "; but "it is due to his newspaper to state that, though it would, if it could, overthrow the Throne to-morrow, it is otherwise an excellent journal." It contains, we are assured, many "attractive features: We do not know whether Mr. Grant is disposed to reckon among the attractive features the carefully collected garbage of the week, the full reports of dirty cases, including occasionally special reports of loathsome evidence which the most shameless of the morning journals shrink from printing, and the filthy advertisements of quack doctors, abortionists, and dealers in indecent pictures, with which this "most readable of the penny weeklies" adorns its columns. The only improvement which Mr. Grant is able to suggest in this nice print is that, "if Mr. Reynolds could only give his many myriads of readers a somewhat brighter looking paper, it would materially add to the pleasure with which they would peruse its varied contents."

The chapters relating to the provincial press appear to be little more than an embroidered version of Mr. Mitchell's unpretending and useful record. Of one journal Mr. Grant stoys, "It is published on Thursday. The price is 4d. I have not heard who is to be the new editor." And we could have wished that the whole work had been written in a similar style. In another case Mr. Grant works out an important arithmetical problem for the reader's benefit. "The price," he tells us, "of this paper is zd, being"—and now we come to his discovery—"a medium between 3d. and 1d." Little touches of popular science in this style help to enliven "historical composition." Mr. Grant does some injustice to the interest of his book by not giving more type-graphical distinction to those passages which constitute its chief claim to be of historical value. "Next proceeding westwards, at a distance of thirty milles from Huntly, we come to the town of Elgin." This simple sentence, printed in ordinary type, nearly at the end of the volume, handly prepares us for what is to follow. There ar

BUXTON'S NOTES OF THOUGHT.

"THINK of the men and women you know," says Mr. Charles Buxton in this posthumous publication, "who could have dreamed à priori that Jenkine had all that acuteness of thought and power of delineating which comes out in his novel? Who would have guessed that Brown had it in him to be an impassioned orator?" And after another example or two to the same effect, he concludes, "We think we know others, because the unknown part of their nature is so absolutely out of our ken that we do not even think of its being there. But the more I study men, the more I see that we do but skim their surface." A captious critic might possibly allege that we are not so often startled by the discovery of brilliant qualities in unpretending persons as this passage seems to imply; but substantially it contains a very true observation, and one which has a certain significance in regard to

^{*} Notes of Thought. By the late Charles Buxton. London: John

its author. Those who merely looked upon Mr. Buxton from the outside, who had only met him in the hunting-field or in the House of Commons, might easily have failed to understand how much genuine wisdom and intellectual power was concealed beneath a gentle and unobtrusive manner. He was one of the rare cases, as Mr. W. E. Forster observes, in which the gap left by a man's departure seems to be greater than the space which he filled when alive. The explanation is, in Mr. Forster's language, that he was "one of those the full measure of whose faculties was hardly available for himself, but was, as it were, a force in reserve to be used for others under the pressure of their wants, their sorrows, and their wrongs, and even their intellectual needs; for instance, his conversation was curiously helpful in its suggestiveness." In fact, Mr. Buxton, though full of keen interest in all the political and social questions of the day, and doing his best to play his part thoroughly in every relation of life, was not one of those people who succeed by treading on other men's toes, or by blowing their own trumpet. He was content with a comparatively subordinate position, and was a sympathizing and encouraging blowing their own trumpet. He was content with a comparatively subordinate position, and was a sympathizing and encouraging spectator rather than an active combatant in the struggles of the day. Such men hardly receive full justice during their lifetime, and it is only when we are regretting their loss that we perceive how serviceable they have really been in their own quiet fashion. The book which now appears, and which was left nearly ready for publication, is introduced by a brief biographical sketch by Mr. Llewelyn Davies. Mr. Davies has done his duty, as it seems to us, with admirable delicacy and skill. He has brought into full relief the estimable qualities of Mr. Buxton's character, without putting forward any untenable pretensions. Born in 1822,

full relief the estimable qualities of Mr. Buxton's character, without putting forward any untenable pretensions. Born in 1822,
Mr. Buxton became a partner, on leaving College, in the great
brewery of Truman, Hanbury, Buxton, and Co. He wrote his
father's life; he married the eldest daughter of Sir Henry Holland,
and he was a member of the House of Commons from 1857 till
his death in 1871. These are the main facts of a not very
eventful, though a thoroughly honourable, life. He was a
prosperous English gentleman, who met with as few trials as
are generally encountered by a member of the favoured classes.
He illustrates, therefore, as Mr. Davies remarks, the ripening of
a generous character in continued sunshine, which is in its way
a pleasant spectacle, though not so impressive as the development of fine qualities under the pressure of adversity. A representative of the strictest sect of the Evangelicals, he took a great
pride in his descent from the men whose efforts abolished slavery
and did much to raise the religious spirit of the country from the
lethargy of the past century. Many men in a similar position
have been provoked into reaction against the Puritanical strictness
of their early education. But Mr. Buxton retained the substance of their early education. But Mr. Buxton retained the substance of the Protestant teaching, though, as he grew up, he abandoned the dogmatic creed, of his infancy. The strong moral convictions remained with him, whilst the rigid framework of doctrine was remained with him, whilst the rigid framework of doctrine was dissolved by his sympathy with the principles of the Broad Church party. The hatred of every kind of cruelty or oppression which had animated his father in the assault upon West Indian slavery was regarded by him as a sacred legacy; and a touch of the old Quaker tendencies appears in his rather undiscriminating hatred for war. One of the last questions in which he took a prominent part was the Jamaica revolt. Naturally enough he did not satisfy either party. Though vigorously condemning the atrocities which he held to have been perpetrated, he quitted the Jamaica Committee on their resolution to prosecute Governor Eyne for murder. Whatever view may be taken of his wisdom in this respect, his conduct was thoroughly characteristic. He had neither the merits nor the defects of a good partisan. His He had neither the merits nor the defects of a good partisan. His intellectual tendencies are well illustrated by his *Ideas of the Day* on Policy, published in 1865. The strong point of the book was its extreme candour, and the obvious desire to look at every side of every question. Its weak point was the apparent absence of a power of detecting the leading principles by which questions should be decided. A candid man draws up a list of the pros and cons on any debated point, and decides that he will take that view which is supported by ten arguments as against nine on the other side. Such a process does not lead to very definite convictions; and a more truly comprehensive mind is required to reach tions; and a more truly comprehensive mind is required to reach the higher level from which the true relations of the various ar-guments can be efficiently grasped. When one party proposes to go due north, and another to go due west, it does not really follow that the true course is precisely north-west; but that is the conclusion which is apt to commend itself to a man more anxious to be candid than to be decided. A compromise, in short, is sometimes worse than either extreme; and Mr. Buxton's views seem frequently to move in "a strange diagonal" which is not definitely satisfactory to anybody. Candour and toleration, however, are qualities far too rare and too estimable to be underrated; and, when combined with a generous hatred for all that is distinctly vile, their value is not easily over-estimated. They fit a man to exercise a softening and ennobling influence upon politics, though not to be a leader in the struggle. And it is to be hoped that we may always have a supply of public men animated by the spirit of Mr. Buxton. We are far more likely to run short of them than of zealous partisans, who could often be more easily missed.

To these more public virtues Mr. Buxton added many qualities calculated to endear him to his dependents and to his private friends. Mr. Davies speaks from personal knowledge of his well-judged efforts to improve the condition of the poor in London. He made it a special hobby to encourage the spread of free libraries, and offered to add to any subscription raised for that purwhich is apt to commend itself to a man more anxious to be candid

pose as much more to be expended in the purchase of books. In pose as much more to be expended in the purchase of books. In one year, Mr. Davies tells us, in which a memorandum of his expenditure has been preserved, more than a third had been given away. His kindness to friends in his own rank was delicate and persevering; and love of animals, including horses, dogs, cockatoos, persevering; and love of animals, including horses, dogs, cockatoos, and snakes, is pleasantly significant of an affectionate disposition. His efforts to naturalize cockatoos at Fox Warren were unfortunately neutralized by the deeply rooted conviction of the British public that the final cause of the existence of all strange birds is that they may be shot. In a pleasant little anecdote we are told that Mr. Buxton was one day riding past a farm where a sheep-dog was tied up and howling piteously. He instantly begged his companion to stop and got off his horse to speak "a few sentences of pity and encouragement to the poor captive." His sympathy with snakes was equally creditable to his kindliness, but perhaps rather less agreeable to his friends. As an enthusiastic sportsman, he of course did not allow his love of wild animals to interfere with the pleasures of horses and hounds. To these amiable qualities we may add that Mr. Buxton had a keen love of architecture, and won the sixth prize in the competition of designs for public offices in 1856. Indeed his love of art and of poetry is shown by many symptoms in this volume to have been designs for public offices in 15,0. Indeed his love of are and of poetry is shown by many symptoms in this volume to have been far more developed than we should have anticipated. Some of his descriptions of nature are very striking, and a very spirited hunting song, the only composition, as it seems, in verse which he ever produced is the more remarkable as it was written in a dark room whilst he was suffering from concussion of the brain. quote a stanza by way of specimen :-

How soft lies the valley asleep below,
In the golden sunshine, as on we go,
Down the long sweep of the hillside bare,
Drinking sweet draughts of the vernal air!
The lark is raining his music down,
The partridge whirs up from the grasstuft brown.

We have lingered so long with the author that we have not We have lingered so long with the author that we have not much space in which to speak of his book. The book, however, derives much of its interest from the unconscious indications of its author's character. It consists of a series of reflections, written down apparently as they presented themselves, on a variety of subjects, religious, social, or political. In all such books there are of course a good many comparative failures. Nobody could put together nearly seven hundred reflections on all manner of subjects without frequently sinking into platitude or becoming occasionally trifling. To describe so miscellaneous a collection is far from easy. From its nature, there is not much unity except that which is derived from the family likeness of the various thoughts. They all, as may be supposed, indicate a generous, observant, and contemplative mind, with occasionally an agreeable dash of humour. The speculation, though it frequently turns upon such awful subjects as the origin of evil, does not show any great metaphysical acuteness, and the humour might perhaps be better described by the milder name of playfulness. Here, however, is a pretty good specimen, which need not have been disowned by Sydney Smith. "Would it not be happy for all parties," says Mr. Buxton, "if idiots and old people when grown imbecile could be comfortably shot? I would have it done with the utmost decorum; perhaps by the bishop of the diocese. But what an unspeakable relief!" Here are a couple of specimens, which in a brief space illustrate the quaint turn of thought that sometimes gives freshness to an old remark:—"Proverbs are potted wisdom." The other is better and more original:—"The years of life seem like the hops of a 'duck and drake' on a pond—the first much the longest." As a general rule, the remarks upon life are of an optimist, perhaps too optimist, tendency. We are willing to believe the writer when he says that "every year more varied and intimate intercourse with my countrymen and countrywomen makes me more deeply sensible much space in which to speak of his book. The book, however, derives much of its interest from the unconscious indications of its classes. We will conclude by quoting one reflection of moderate length, which is a favourable specimen of style and sentiment, though there are many equally good:-

It sometimes strikes me as the strangest thing in the world to hear this man or that spoken of with absolute contempt when, after all, what is this being who is thus set down at two minutes notice? What a boundless ocean of thoughts and images has flowed through his mind since the day he was born! What millions of feelings have swayed his heart! What a vast variety of incidents have made up his career! What countless good traits there are in his nature! What a future lies before him! What a sphere of action around him! Is this infinite, complex, unutterable, inconceivable being to be sneered down because he is ill dressed or has clumsy manners?

With so much that is kindly, wise, and tolerant, and so much sympathy with the vast masses of suffering around us, as is indicated in many pages of the book, it would be ungracious, even if we had space or inclination, to find fault with some of the theories suggested. Where there is any shortcoming, it is generally on the side of over-tenderness to human nature or to popular beliefs, and we may therefore admit the faults without any diminution in our regard for the author. The book well deserves to be popular, if only as showing how excellent a life may be led in spite of the disadvantage of almost unmixed prosperity and domestic comfort.

If Mr. Buxton was not a great man, he was one whose memory should be warmly cherished by all who were in any way connected with him.

HAZARD'S SANTO DOMINGO AND HAYTL'

THAT St. Domingo, with its superior advantages of position, climate, and natural resources, should for so long have yielded to Cuba the crown as titular Queen of the Antilles, has at all times been more or less a problem. When Columbus, in his first voyage, in December 1492, traversing the narrow strait which separates the two islands, came in sight of her shores, he declared his new discovery to be even more beautiful in his eyes than Cuba, on which he had already almost exhausted the language of panegyric. In token of its superiority in every natural endowment he founded on the northern shore the first settlement of the New World, and the nucleus of the whole civilization of the Western Continent, giving to the island the name of Hispanola, or Little Spain, imagining it to resemble the most favoured province of Andalusia. Beautiful, naturally favoured, and fertile as ever, the island has remained with but little intermission unto this day poor, undeveloped, a prey to foreign violence or internecine strife. The question having arisen within the last few years in the United States as to the incorporation of St. Domingo into the Union, a Commission was sent over by the American Government to investigate and report upon the resources and prospects of the island. Mr. Samuel Hazard, who had already undertaken a somewhat similar inquiry on account of an influential American journal, and who had previously won for himself credit by his Report upon Cuba, took the opportunity of associating himself with this official mission. After almost entirely circumnavigating the island, and traversing its length and breadth, he was amazed to find so magnificent a part of the New World so generally uncultivated, and even uncivilized. His curiosity was stirred to know what causes besides the reputed one of climate could be alleged for the backwardness and beggary of a settlement intrinsically so valuable and attractive. Coming with this view to London, he set himself to hunt up the materials for a solution of the problem amongst th

The whole island was at the time of its discovery known to the natives as Haiti, or "the high ground," the eastern portion having the name of Quiequeya, or "mother of the earth," and the western that of Babeque, or Bohio, "land of many villages or habitations." It was divided into five main provinces, each under a cacique, the government being, as among the aborigines of the West in general, mildly despotic and hereditary; with the provision that if a cacique died childless, his estates and rights passed to his sisters rather than to his brothers, greater purity of blood it was thought being thus secured. One race and one language, with minor variations, seem to have prevailed throughout. It was at the north-west angle that Columbus first touched land, calling it by the name of St. Nicholas, whose day it was. His earliest fort or settlement, La Navidad, in the Bay of Aieul, was found by him destroyed, with the settlers he had left behind, when on his second voyage he landed in Samana Bay, November 22, 1493. He had in the meantime returned home with the news of the discovery of the goldregions of Cibao. His new settlement, Isabella, further to the east, now became the corner-stone of enterprise and conquest, and the model of all Spanish establishments in the New World. Here from the year 1636 was his own resting-place, until in 1795 his remains were transferred from the ruins of the long-deserted city to the Havana. It was at New Isabella, afterwards known as the city of Santo Domingo, that he ultimately set up the seat of government, laying the first stone on the 4th of August, 1496. Mr. Hazard in one of his woodcuts shows us the citadel in a cell of which the great Admiral with his brother Bartholomew was shut up by the infamous Bobadilla in the year 1500; the rest of the town having been two years later destroyed by the famous storm in vain foretold by Columbus, and rebuilt by the new Governor, Ovando. Columbus, on his third visit in the autumn of 1498, embarrassed by the successful mutiny of Roldan, found hi

Santo Domingo, Past and Present; with a Glance at Haytt. By Samuel Hazard, Author of "Cuba with Pen and Pencil." With Maps and Illustrations. London: Sampson Low & Co. 1873.

Indians, in memory of their protectress, provoked measures of severer treatment and oppression. Weak and indolent by nature, the natives sank under the strain of labour. What De Bry describes as a saturnalia of suicide, figured in a graphic wood-cut from Benzoni's History, set in to accelerate the natural decay of population, and the million of aborigines estimated by Columbus to have held the island at the date of its discovery had in fifteen years dwindled to no more than 50,000. To supply the deficiency of labour, Ovando, with the consent of Ferdinand, introduced natives from the Luycayos Islands, or Bahamas, to the number, it is said, of 40,000. Under his successor, Diego Columbus, the repartimiento system, opposed as it was by the Dominican priesthood, especially by Las Casas, was pushed to a degree which amounted to unmitigated slavery, favoured by the famous ediet won from Ferdinand by the Franciscans, declaring it a divine and humane duty to hold the Indians in servitude, as thus they might become Christians. The return made by Albuquerque, who was charged with portioning out the natives, shows a falling off in 1514 to 14,000 souls. The blame of introducing African slaves has been often unjustly thrown upon Las Casas; but negroes had been as early as 1511 brought into the island under regulations approved by the Spanish King, which were further defined by Cardinal Ximenes during the minority of Charles V., under the influence of the Dominican friars, who thought thereby to lighten the lot of the aboriginal Indians. The introduction of the sugar-cane from the Canaries in 1506 had been the main cause of the stress of labour, as it now became the spring of wealth to the Spanish colonists. The patent of Charles V. to a Flemish favourite for the importation of 4,000 Africans yearly being sold to some Genoese for 25,000 ducats, an organized slave-trade was now set up, and in 1522 the blacks felt themselves strong enough for a temporary rising. A last attempt of the aborigines under Enrique so far prevailed as

race ere long became extinct.

From the zenith of its short-lived prosperity the island was soon brought low by the ill government of the Spanish audiencia, the depredations of Drake and the buccaneers, and the intrusion of the French upon the west coast, which, after many a doubtful struggle and unsparing slaughter on either side, was confirmed by the peace of Ryswick. With the rise of French culture and trade the Spanish settlement sank, till in 1730 the entire population was no more than 6,000, St. Domingo city having but 500 inhabitants. Tobacco had been introduced some time before this with great success by the French, followed by indigo and by a revival of the growth of sugar. The cocoa-tree, introduced by D'Ogeron in 1665, yielded a considerable revenue, as did also the coffee plant, brought in from Martinique. The boundary line between the French and Spanish districts was at length strictly defined in 1779, by which time the Spanish population had shared somewhat in the prosperity of their rivals, their milder slave laws attracting many fugitives from the French side, who, purchasing their freedom, added to the well-to-do classes. Shortly before the French Revolution, though we get no corresponding statistics of the population or wealth of the Spanish portion, there were in the French colony, as we learn from Mr. Hazard's figures, 14,000 white inhabitants, 4,000 free mulattoes, and 172,000 negroes. The products exported from the island were of the value of 6,250,000 dollars, and the imports 8,887,500 dollars. The French, who yet at no time professed to give much attention to cattle or stock raising, had 63,000 horses and mules,

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The popular idea of the terrible revolution of St. Domingo as a mere wild uprising of the blacks against the cruel tyranny of their masters is set right by Mr. Hazard. The whole transaction divides itself into three epochs. First came the revolution of the whites. The ferment of the great Revolution at home, rapidly extending to the colony, raised among the creoles, or white citizens of native birth, the ambition of independence. The Assembly of St. Mark, growing out of the three provincial Assemblies, declared itself in 1790 the supreme governing body, denying to the mulattoes the rights of liberty and equality decreed to them by the mother-country. The second phase of the revolution was a temporary rising of the mulattoes, aided by a party among the "small whites," which was quelled by the Assembly. Roused once more by the arrival of the decree from France conferring freedom upon all people of colour, the mulatto population now went mad with delight, the whites of the Assembly being openly confirmed in their rebellion against the home Government. Amidst the confusion ensued the third and most fearful revolt, that of the blacks under François. Checked for awhile by the whites, who wreaked indiscriminate cruelty upon blacks and mulattoes, the negro rebellion swept through the land in a torrent of flame, lust, and blood, the blacks parading as "King's people" under the banner of St. Louis, and instigated, Mr. Hazard gives authority for believing, by Spanish inf

led to all power passing into his hands, the independence of Hayti being proclaimed in 1801, and a Constitution promulgated for the whole island under Toussaint as supreme Governor. With no less firm a hand does Mr. Hazard hold the clue through

With no less firm a hand does Mr. Hazard hold the clue through the later labyrinth of anarchy and change out of which the island at length emerges into the light of current history. So shifting is the course of intermediate event—the fortunes of the French and Spanish portions, like uprooted trees whirling in a flood, now interlocking with each other, now again starting asunder for another eddy of change—that we are glad to get here and there some definite points, like the proclamation of the Republic of Boyer at the beginning of 1822 over the entire island, and that of the separate Republic of St. Domingo, February 27, 1844, where we can stop and take breath for a further plunge into the maelstrom of Haytian politics. In a special chapter we get a clear outline of what has been since going on in the independent Dominican Republic, of the reversion under Santana to Spanish rule in May 1861, after abortive efforts at annexation, first to the United States and next to France, the struggles under Cabral and Cabrera, and the final declaration of freedom by act of the Cortes, March 3, 1865. From that date much has been under Cabral and Cabrera, and the final declaration of freedom by act of the Cortes, March 3, 1865. From that date much has been done under the now ruling President Baez towards effacing the signs of ruin and desolation which still bespeak the "time of the Spaniards." The result of Mr. Hazard's systematic and agreeably told survey of the whole region under Dominican rule is to satisfy him of the unbounded capabilities of the soil, and of the progress which would certainly be made by its people were good order, peace, and enlightenment but secured them. This happy consummation, he is confident, awaits the island from the project of annexation ardently desired as he declares it to be good order, peace, and enlightenment but secured them. This happy consummation, he is confident, awaits the island from the project of annexation, ardently desired as he declares it to be by the respectable citizens of all classes, and strongly as it is urged in the formal Report of the United States Commission. The narrative of his tour is graphic and often picturesque. He has at once a quick eye for the beauties of nature, which are nowhere displayed with more richness or variety than in this fair tropical island, and an appreciation of native character which brings amusingly into light the moral traits and social condition of the people. Of the sister or rival Republic of Hayti he has no such brilliant or hopeful picture to give, though he admits that the justice of his portraiture may be challenged by loyal Haytians. Though scarcely, if at all, less favoured by nature, the French quarter of the island has had far less breathing-time from anarchy, strife, and wretched government. Since the burlesque episode of the so-called Empire under Soulouque, Hayti has had to endure the gross and vulgar tyranny of titular Presidents like Geffrard and Salnave. Although the existing state of things under Saget is in every way more respectable, it is still no other than a military despotism tempered by occasional émeutes—passes being required by country people coming to town, and soldiers forming the only police. Yet for this unsettled region, ruined and depressed as it is, our author sees hope in prospect from the absorption of the entire island under the rule of the Northern Republic. His book, compiled with praiseworthy care, and showing throughout more than common powers of observation and indequent, may His book, compiled with praiseworthy care, and showing throughout more than common powers of observation and judgment, may probably enlist converts in both countries to the policy of union.

FOR LIBERTY'S SAKE.

NO one would guess the nature of this book from its title. It is another of the great class of "rehabilitations." Mr. Marsh, who it seems from his title-page has written several other books, "The Story of Harccourt, Venice and the Venetians, &c., &c., &c., 'kas here undertaken to whitewash the well-known Robert Ferguson, whose name is familiar to every reader of Macaulay. We think it is quite possible that Ferguson might be "rehabilitated," but Mr. Marsh has hardly set about the work in the most promising way. An historical discussion is one thing; a story is another. We are very far from condemning the historical novel in the abstract, but the best historical novel cannot prove anything. It can at most only give a truer impression of things by means in the abstract, but the best historical novel cannot prove anything. It can at most only give a truer impression of things by means of a clear and powerful picture; it can never of itself supply arguments or answer objections. The way to prove Robert Ferguson to have been a good man, or a less bad man than he is commonly thought to have been, would have been to deal with Ferguson as Mr. Christie has dealt with Ferguson's more dignified ally, Shaftesbury. Mr. Christie calls on us to think better of Shaftesbury than we have been wont to do, and he gives us in proper form all the materials for either accepting or rejecting his view. And it should be noticed that Mr. Christie has himself incidentally done something towards asking for a more favourable opinion of should be noticed that Mr. Christie has himself incidentally done something towards asking for a more favourable opinion of Ferguson. Lord Macaulay, as every one knows, draws Ferguson in the darkest colours, but we instinctively take off something from any of Lord Macaulay's elaborate portraits. Mr. Christie brings Ferguson in as "a Scotch clergyman and friend of Shaftesbury whom Dryden has scurrilously maligned." He says in a note that "Dryden's abuse of a rebel is no authority," and adds, "I have seen intercepted letters of Ferguson in the State Paper Office which give a favourable idea of his character." Mr. Marsh seems to have lighted on the same letters, which he did "while Office which give a favourable idea of his character." Mr. Marsh seems to have lighted on the same letters, which he did "while searching in the State Paper Office for documents relating to another person." These letters, which were written by Ferguson to his wife, but most of which never reached her, do certainly, as Mr. Christie says, speak well in behalf of the writer; but it does

* For Liberty's Sake, By John B. Marsh. London: Strahan & Co.

not need any very deep research, either historical or philosophical. not need any very deep research, either historical or philosophical, to understand that a man may be a good husband and father and so forth, and yet may be in public matters a scoundrel, though perhaps hardly so great a scoundrel as Lord Macaulay makes him out. Lord Macaulay's own pages set before us the picture of Lord Treasurer Rochester taking a chief part in one of the basest of intrigues, and then withdrawing to his closet to pour out his soul in one of the most devout of meditations. So far out his soul in one of the most devout of meditations. So far both Mr. Christie and Mr. Marsh, though they make us begin to doubt—what, however, we should to some extent have doubted in any case—the perfect truthfulness of Lord Macaulay's picture, do not make us altogether throw it aside. But now comes the strange way in which Mr. Marsh sets about the task which he has taken in hand. "The letters," he tells us, "appeared to me to furnish such an interesting insight into the domestic relations of one of the most celebrated men of the age that I determined to use them as the groundwork of this story." From any point of view it seems odd to call Ferguson one of the mest celebrated men of the age; but the letters are quite worth preserving, though it is an odd way of treating them to write a story of which some at least of the lesser actors and incidents are plainly fictisome at least of the lesser actors and incidents are plainly fictitious, and to work in the letters in their places. But it is much more amazing when we go on to read:-

more amazing when we go on to read:—

There is also in the same Office a closely written MS., relating to the Rye House Plot, sufficient to fill five columns of the Times, in the handwriting of Ferguson, which supplies facts relating to that conspiracy that have never been brought before the world. Taking that MS., and the letters, a complete account was furnished of events by an active partisan, in the most interesting period of English history, from 168z to 1638. The explanation they give of the part taken by Ferguson in the Rye House Plot is quite natural; and one that better consorts with his character than that attributed to him by every writer up to the present time. to him by every writer up to the present time.

The last words are hardly fair after the notice of Mr. Christie, short as it is; but why on earth did not Mr. Marsh print the narrative about the Rye House Plot at length, instead of grounding narrative about the kye house Flot at length, instead of grounding a story upon it and giving a single short extract in an appendix? We take Mr. Ferguson's word for it that the letters which he prints in the name of Ferguson, and two short letters which he prints in the name of Jeffreys, are all of them genuine. That Jeffreys's letters are genuine we argue from a small point. The first, in 1683, is signed "Jeffreys." He had really been made a peer in the meanwhile: hut we feel sure that, if the letters were Mr. Marsh's own first, in 1685, is signed "Geo. Jeffreys"; the second, in 1685, is signed "Jeffreys." He had really been made a peer in the mean while; but we feel sure that, if the letters were Mr. Marsh's own invention, he would not have attended to accuracy on this point. For he throughout—everywhere, we think, except in one place—uses the vulgarism of "Lord William Russell" when he means the eldest son of the Earl of Bedford. Yet it would have been much better soberly to print the letters as materials for history than to work them in this way into a story which, as a story, is not particularly interesting. But, when it comes to a man's own narrative of an historical event in which he was concerned, it is narrative of an instorical event in which he was concerned, it is really too bad to treat it in this way. As the matter stands, we have no means of judging how much of the story really comes from Ferguson's own manuscript and how much is due to Mr. Marsh's own imagination. We decline to give any judgment or opinion one way or the other till we have seen real materials for

forming a judgment.

As a tale, there is really not much to say about the book. We

As a tale, there is really not much to say about the book. We have read it through with a slight effort. There is so far more to be said for it than for those stories in which one breaks down in be said for it than for those stories in which one breaks down in the first chapter. But it is not in any sense a novel or romance. It has no particular plot. It is simply a life of Ferguson, or rather a narrative of the greater part of the life of Ferguson, touched up with imaginary details. Power of narrative or of painting there is none. But the imaginary parts are all likely enough; though, for private reasons of our own, we wish to know whether Sir Robert Rich of Navestock is an historical personage, and, if so, why he should be called Sir Robert in one place and Sir Peter in another. Moreover it seems that Ferguson, when a bookseller, had a handmaiden named Moll who was not discreet; at least Ferguson should be called Sir Robert in one place and Sir Peter in another. Moreover it seems that Ferguson, when a bookseller, had a handmaiden named Moll who was not discreet; at least Ferguson counsels his wife to get one who was "discreeter." He had also "two men in the shop," both of whom were "young, and therefore not likely to be very discreet," and one of whom was "represented under no encouraging character." Moll and the idle apprentice go through a number of adventures, public and private, but none of them to their credit. One of them is a very odd ceremony of being married over the carcase of a horse, for which we dare say Mr. Marsh has contemporary authority, though we should like to know what it is. But the idle apprentice turns out to be no other than a natural son of Jeffreys, on the strength of which he and Moll were only transported to New England, when he might have been embowelled and she burned for the treasonable act of coining. We may add that the idle apprentice bears throughout the story the name of Saturday Jack. For Man Friday, all the world knows, there is a precedent in the writings of Ferguson's age; but as Saturday Jack stands quite alone, at least in our knowledge, we look on the choice of this particular day of the week as really getting personal.

Of history proper, Mr. Marsh certainly makes rather short work. Ferguson, as every one knows, accompanied first Monmouth and then William in their several landings. On the second occasion he appears at Exeter. While Burnet was preaching in the cettodied hefore the Privace Reviews of the second occasion he appears at Exeter.

he appears at Exeter. While Burnet was preaching in the cathedral before the Prince, Ferguson, as the readers of Lord Macaulay know, preached elsewhere. In Lord Macaulay's narrative the story runs thus:—

At the same time a singular event happened in a humbler place of worship-

Ferguson resolved to preach at the Presbyterian meeting-house. The ministers and elders would not consent; but the turbulent and half-witted knave, fancying that the times of Fleetwood and Harrison were come again, forced the door, went through the congregation sword in hand, mounted the pulpit, and there poured forth a fiery invective against the King. The time for such follies had gone by; and this exhibition excited nothing but derision and disgust.

Surely, in a story founded on the life of Ferguson, such a scene as this should be made the most of. Fancy what Scott would have made of it. But in Mr. Marsh's hands it is tamed down as

Ferguson was one of those on board the convoy. The same day that Bishop Burnet celebrated Divine service in the Cathedral at Exeter, he took forcible possession of the largest dissenting building in the town, and preached to a crowded congregation.

preached to a crowded congregation.

Then comes a wonderfully short account of all that took place in the later months of 1689. We had always thought that there had been something like a campaign, though certainly not a very bloody one—that at least there had been some marching to and fro of soldiers, and still more in the way of gatherings and debates (though we suppose the lawyers will not let us call them Parliamentary), before anybody ventured to speak of the Prince of Orange as King. But, according to Mr. Marsh, everything was settled very quickly and quietly—

Onwards marched the army, the line of route partaking more of the characteristics of a triumphal procession than the progress of a conquering host. As the people looked upon the face of the Prince of Orange, they shouted "Long live the good King William!" and the salutation was everywhere repeated. The Coronation, which afterwards took place in Westminster Abbey, was only necessary as a matter of form; he had been crowned King by universal acclamation months before.

The last few pages are the queerest, for here Mr. Marsh has to grapple with the great difficulty that Ferguson, after accompanying William and receiving a rich sinecure office from William, plotted with those who streve to restore James. The fact is undoubted, with those who strove to restore James. The fact is undoubted, and it is, to say the least, awkward for any one who wishes to make a hero or a martyr out of Ferguson. Lord Macaulay goes into the philosophy of the matter. According to him, "sedition, from being Ferguson's business, had become his pleasure. It was as impossible for him to live without doing mischief as for an old dram-drinker, or an old opium-eater, to live without the daily dose of poison." And again, after half a page of graphic portraiture, "his hostility was not to Popery or to Protestantism, to monarchical or to republican government, to the House of Stuart or to the House of Nassau, but to whatever was at the time established." As usual, we allow a little for colouring, but Mr. Marsh's explanation seems to us the harder to believe of the

But his mind was weakened by the sufferings he had endured; and his judgment, taking alarm at what he fancied was the inletting of Popery, betrayed him into a participation with the Jacobites against the King.... There is some ground for believing that direct overtures were made to him by James, and a pledge given of such a nature as would secure the maintonance of the rights and privileges of the English people and the security of the Protestant religion. He was led by these promises—and by a fear, shared in by many good men, that the excessive liberty granted by William to all classes of religionists would promote the growth of Popery—to ally himself with those who secretly sought to restore James to the throne.

of all ways for stopping the growth of Popery, to turn out William and let in James would seem to be the strangest. If a man like Ferguson, who had sinned so deeply against James and had suffered so much from James, really came to put trust in James's promises, he must certainly have gone a long way towards losing his wits. There is however the fact that the same strange inconsistency has to be accounted for in men of much higher place than the case of Shewsylaws to see nothing of that Ferguson. There is the case of Shrewsbury, to say nothing of that of Marlborough. It is not our business to make a moral dissection of Marlborough. It is not our business to make a moral dissection of all of them, and it has been pretty well done by Lord Macaulay; but the fact is at least an ugly one for the admirers of any of the party, and an intrigue with James would be hard to deal with at length in a tale which has Ferguson for its hero. Mr. Marsh therefore perhaps judges wisely in cutting the matter short. Lastly, why the book should be called For Liberty's Sake we cannot make even the faintest guess.

IN THE DAYS OF MY YOUTH.

IN THE DAYS OF MY YOUTH.

MISS EDWARDS is certainly not wanting in courage. She writes the life not only of a man, but of a young man, a student of the Quartier Latin, and she writes it in the form of an autobiography. The hero, who tells his own story, is a young Englishman who has been sent over to Paris to study medicine under an eminent French doctor. His life is doubtless far more respectable than that of most students of that quarter, but he occasionally gets drunk, becomes acquainted with "the fair and frail grisette"—that "necessary sequence" of the student, to use Miss Edwards's words—is fleeced by an intriguante, is taken into a private gambling-house, or rather "hell," helps in arresting an escaped forçat, and is second in a duel where a man is shot, besides joining in all the lively and reckless amusements of the Parisian students. Now it is difficult to conceive that Miss Edwards can have had any personal experience of these scenes and of these characters, which go so far to fill up her book. Clever

though her story undoubtedly is, it must be the cleverness of one who copies a copy, not of one who draws straight from nature. Happily, though her hero is a medical student, she does not give him the least taste for medicine, and therefore we are spared medical details which, whether original or not, would have been highly disagreeable. She represents him as devoted to art. Now an author who can speak so authoritatively as Miss Edwards does of art must be aware that even in pictures a copy is no great thing, while in books it is as needless as it is worthless. Those who wish to study the Quartier Latin would surely do better to study it in the books of men who alone can know anything of it, or, at least, who alone can write of it with knowledge, till the day shall come when some "fair and frail grisette" shall arise who shall be as like Miss Austen in her power of accurately sketching life as she is unlike her in her life itself. Miss Edwards has doubtless read-up her authorities carefully. She is familiar with Béranger, Balzac, and De Musset, and for all we know may have studied with equal care Paul de Kock. From them she may have formed some idea of a party given in the fifth story of a dingy house in the Quartier Latin, where the guests "were all students and grisettes." From them she must have got so enraptured with the grisette as to make her hero thus burst out into a "modest pæan in her praise".—

Vice la grisette! Shall I not follow many an illustrious example and sing my modest pæan in her praise."

in her praise":—

Vive la grisette! Shall I not follow many an illustrious example and sing my modest pean in her praise? Frown not, august Britannia! Look not so severely askance upon my poor little heroine of the Quartier Latin! Thinkest thou because thou art so eminently virtuous that she who has many a serviceable virtue of her own, shall be debarred from her share in this world's cakes and ale?

Vive la grisette! Let us think and speak no evil of her. "Elle ne tient au vice que par un rayon, et s'en éloigne par les mille autres points de la circonférence sociale."

We do not ourselves profess to be able to follow Miss Edwards in her description of this form of Paris life, as our education unhappily stopped short of the Quartier Latin, and as "the grisette pur sang is to be found nowhere except in Paris, and—still a step further—nowhere in Paris save between the Pont Neuf and the Barrière d'Enfer." One thing, however, we know well. Whenever authors set about describing scenes which they can never themselves have seen—and when we assume that Miss Edwards has not seen what she describes we hope we do her no injustice—we may be sure of one thing. Whatever other merits the description has, it cannot be true to nature. It does not indeed follow that "who drives fat oxen must himself be fat," but it does follow that who drescribes the life of a harlot—and grisette, "a necessary sequence" of the student, is, we take it, the French for one kind of harlot—ought to have mixed with harlots. Miss Edwards, we are thankful' to admit, injures the dramatic power of her story by omissions which would certainly not have occurred in Balzac. But though her story is thereby rendered more moral, yet it loses to the same her story is thereby rendered more moral, yet it loses to the same-degree in truthfulness. We could have wished, however, that she had omitted the following passage from her "modest pæan" in the praise of the grisette:-

Supposing even that she may now and then indulge (among friends) in a very modified cancan at the Chaumière—what does that prove, except that her heels are as light as her heart, and that her early education has been somewhat neglected?

been somewhat neglected?

Supposing that for cancan we substitute its proper equivalent, "indecent dance"; must we not conclude that Miss Edwards is utterly ignorant of what she is writing about, or that her early education, like the grisette's, has been somewhat neglected? It is bad enough to have this shameless dance brought on to the English stage. It is bad enough for English gentlemen and ladies to sit gazing at women dancing for hire in such a way as no one could dance but those who danced either for hire or in hopes of hire. It is still worse, however, when an English authoress of fair repute, speaking in the person of her hero, upholds public indecent dancing, however "modified," and however much "among friends." "The Chaumière," we are told, "is no more; the grisette is fast dying out." We wish that Miss Edwards could have let her die out in silence, and could have spared us her "modest pean."

Had this book been the work of a man, we should have had but

Had this book been the work of a man, we should have had but little fault to find with it as regards its morality. If indeed Miss Edwards had left out the "modest pæan," while we should have equally in an artistic point of view blamed her for describing a life of which she could of herself know nothing, yet we should not have had to censure her with any severity. Let no one therefore on reading what we have said at once send for this novel from the circulating library, in the hope of finding a book which had much better be left unread. We must do Miss Edwards the justice to admit that what is worst in her book we have already quoted, and that, foolish and bad as is her praise of the grisette and her apology for the cancan, she is entirely free from those seductive scenes which are too often found in the pages of female writers. We hope that she will for the future make a better use of that cleverness which she undoubtedly has, and will not, in Horace Walpole's words, spend her time in making "true copies of original pictures that never existed." And yet, as we have already implied, the copy is clever enough. With a few exceptions, the book is lively throughout till close upon the end, where the story is wound up in a scene that is so overdone in its melothe story is wound up in a scene that is so overdone in its melo-dramatic action that it deserves at once to be brought out on the London stage. It is curious, however, that a writer who has so keen a sense of the ridiculous as Miss Edwards evidently has should have been able, in revising her proofs, to leave in passages here and there which are as foolish as they are fine. We do not

^{*} In the Days of My Youth. By Amelia B. Edwards, Author of Barbara's History," &c. &c. 2 vols. London: Hurst & Blackett, 1873.

so much complain of her describing a gentleman as " infringing the Company's mandate by lighting a cigar"; but what shall we say of such a passage as the following:—

Then our souls rise up within us, and chanta hymn of praise; and the great vault of heaven is as the roof of a mighty cathedral studded with mosaics of golden stars; and the night winds join in with the bass of their mighty organ-pipes; and the poplars rustle, like the leaves of the hymnbooks in the hands of the congregation.

We should like to know how such fine writing as this would We should like to know how such fine writing as this would have been welcomed in the Quartier Latin, if the student had read it aloud to his necessary sequence, the fair and frail grisette. Down to the "mighty organ-pipes" it might possibly have passed for sense, but who could have stood the hymn-book-like poplars? A few pages further on we come to another comparison which no more than this last will go on all fours:—

Alas! We cannot undo that foolish past. We may only hope to blot it out with after records of high, and wise, and tender things. Thus it is that the young man's heart is like the precious palimpsest of old. He first of all defiles it with idle anacreonties in praise of love and wine; but, erasing these by-and-by with his own pious hand, he writes it over afresh with chronicles of a pure and holy passion, and dedicates it to the fair saint of all his original.

Now, if a palimpsest is precious, it is only precious as a palimpsest when the writing that is blotted out is more valuable than the after-records. No doubt in many a palimpsest, as in the young man's heart, the later writing alone has any worth, but then we do not call it a precious palimpsest.

These two presents the property at the property and of the last

These two passages occur at the very end of the last volume, when Miss Edwards thinks perhaps that she may be justified in bidding farewell to her ordinary good sense, and in giving the reins to her suppressed love of fine writing. We ought surely to allow a little freedom to an author who We ought surely to allow a little freedom to an author who for nearly three volumes has kept sensible, and who, like a school-boy on the last day of the school term, a few hours before the right time, snatches at that license which will so soon be his. The inaccuracy of her metaphors is nothing, however, compared with the inaccuracy of her dates. We could greatly desire that all writers of stories, both men and women, should be desire that all writers of stories, both men and women, should be required to pass an entrance examination in comparative chronology. We might, as they do in the History School at Oxford, make a division of periods, and allow each student to pass in whichever he chose. No one, however, should be allowed to write a story that was laid outside the period for which he had got his certificate. No doubtit is by a printer's slip that Miss Edwards is made to write of "the unfortunate son of Louis XIV. and Marie Antoinette." But it is by no slip that, shortly after "the Bourbons reigned again," she introduces "the route by Newhaven and Dieppe," the railways, the gentleman who "infringed the Company's mandate by lighting a cigar," and the use of photography "in every penal establishment throughout France." It is another blunder in history that leads her to lay her story in the days of the Restoration. Part of her plot is concerned with some estates in France which had belonged to a nobleman who had perished in the Revolution. His son had escaped, and, according to Miss Edwards, had only to produce certain deeds to recover the ancestral estates. At the end of the story, indeed, we are told that the grandchild— No doubt it is by a printer's slip that Miss Edwards is made to write had only to produce certain deeds to recover the ancestral estates. At the end of the story, indeed, we are told that the grandchild—for the son had died in the meantime—learns that "the lawyers are confident of success." Miss Edwards evidently thinks that at the close of the Revolution, after the lapse of more than twenty years, the estates remained much as before, and ready for their former owners to claim as soon as they turned up and established their claims. Familiar though she clearly is with French books, she has not, it would seem, heard of the divisions and subdivisions of landed property in France.

The plot of this work would be somewhat difficult to describe un-

Indeed property in France.

The plot of this work would be somewhat difficult to describe unless we were to omit the two minor plots, which, though taking up not a little room, yet scarcely at all bear on the story. In one of these episodes we have the arrest and death of an escaped forçat, who is brought in, we should guess, by way of relief to the talks on art; and in the other we have the death of a gambling count, who in some mysterious way which we cannot make out, plays the part of a tyrant over his cousin. As she is secretly married to an English major, but cannot venture to live with him owing to the malignancy of her cousin, there is nothing left for the major to do but to follow the count into a private gambling-house, get into a quarrel with him over cards, shoot him through the heart in a duel, and then to retire with his wife to a quiet life in Italy. Why they could not have retired before the duel we are not told. Miss Edwards doubtless knew her powers, and wished to show that she could describe a Parisian "hell" and a duel with some degree of cleverness, and so we must not raise objections. With these minor plots cleared away, the rest of the story is simple enough. A professor of legerdemain gives an entertainment in a village in England. The hero of the story, the son of a doctor, attends. The professor, who by his breeding had shown that he had once been something very different from a conjuror, is taken suddenly ill at the entertainment, and dies. He had talked about his little daughter, and in his delirium about his châteaux. But "no papers or letters were found about his person." and no one knew his name. As soon, however, as talked about his little daughter, and in his delirium about his châteaux. But "no papers or letters were found about his person," and no one knew his name. As soon, however, as we heard of the little daughter, our interest was at once we heard of the little daugnter, our interest was at once aroused. As when in a conjuror's show an empty box is shown on one side of the table, and a thimble on the other, we know that before long the thimble will be inside the box, so in a novel, when we have the hero a boy in an English village, and a young girl left an orphan some-

where out of England, we know that the third volume will where out of England, we know that the third volume will not have come to its end before they shall have died, or else are to live, in each other's arms. The son, at the age of twenty, went to Paris to study medicine. He lodged in the third story in a house in the Quartier Latin, and, as might have been expected, on the same floor lodged a young lady, who turned out to be the old conjuror's daughter, the last descendant of an old line of French nobles. Though the Fates had thus got over the chief part of the difficulty by bringing the two young people—one from a village in England, and the other from anywhere out of England—to the same floor of the the two young people—one from a vinage in England, and the other from anywhere out of England—to the same floor of the same house, yet they had hard work left to get them introduced. Happily the hero was studying surgery, and so the heroine in due time drags down a bookcase on to her arm. She screams in her pain, and the hero climbs round by the balcony into her room, and does all that surgery can do. If they had been sensible young people they would soon have been married, more especially as the hero's father, with unusual considerateness on his part, goes off in a fit of apoplexy. But the heroine was very far from being sensible, and, sacrificing her love to her duty, goes off in her quest of her father. Why she could not have travelled after him and the family estates just as well with a husband we are not told. Nothing is heard of her for eight years, by the end of which time her lover's hair has "streaks of premature silver," and his first book of poems is published. Happily, before any more streaks "gleam," or any more poems are published, a chance discovery leads her to the scene of her father's death. There she meets her lover, and after the melodramatic scene we have already mentioned, owns her love.

In spite of its absurdities and its want of originality, the story

In spite of its absurdities and its want of originality, the story is clever enough. The interest rarely lags, and where it does, a very little skipping will suffice. How far it would be enjoyed by people who know well the life and the society that is described, we cannot pretend to decide. We have known stories about the life of the students at our Universities which were thought very Clever and lifelike by all except those who had been at one of the Universities. There is some chance that the case might be the same with Miss Edwards's story.

BORLASE'S NÆNIA CORNUBIÆ.*

MR. W. C. BORLASE has undertaken in workmanlike fashion the examination and interpretation of the cromlechs, menhirs, and stone monuments of early Cornwall, which the simple folk of that region associate with "giants' graves" and similar fables. In performing his task he has aimed rather at setting forth illustratively the details of each discovery then at making such discoveries evidence in favour of a foregone conclusion. He has his own views on the subject, but he is less clusion. He has his own views on the subject, but he is least concerned to justify them than to furnish an accurate and candid statement of the facts. The subject is one which has grown in interest of late years, and Mr. Borlase is to be congratulated on approaching it at a point of time when some obstructions are already removed, and when, whatever may be said as to his doubt as to the strict demarcation between "Stone, Bronze, and Laran reside" in Compile weller, no one is likely to do hottly with Iron periods" in Cornish relics, no one is likely to do battle Iron periods" in Cornish relies, no one is likely to do battle with him on behalf of the Druid theory, which was an article of faith with his ancestor and namesake. In common with those most versed in Cornish antiquities and traditions, Mr. Borlase holds that there is no ground for connecting Druidism with the megalithic series so grandly represented in Cornwall, except, indeed, in so far as it is highly probable that the pseudo-Druid and magician of the sixth century selected for his soothsaying and impostures such sites and stones as an exploded theory attributed to the genuine Druid of the first.

With his path cleared of such stumbling-blocks, Mr. Borlase approaches the consideration of the primitive sepulchres of his native county, and refers every mode of interment hitherto discovered in Cornwall to "the dolmen covered by a tumulus and surrounded by a stone circle," the dolmen without the tumulus, the tumulus without the dolmen, or the circle without either, or—
as he supplements Sir John Lubbock's description—to the two as he supplements Sir John Lubbock's description—to the two adjacent menhirs, and the simple standing stone. Dividing European cromlechs into the dolmen or cromlech proper, the Kist-Vaen, and the monument or cenotaph raised over an interment, he notices the first as of rarest occurrence, owing perhaps to its height and difficulty of construction, though it is represented in Cornwall by the remarkable cromlechs at Lanyon and Caerwynen, and as being a memorial superstructure over a plain intervent by inhumenton rather than a subtragment chamber. It wynen, and as being a memorial superstructure over a plain interment by inhumation rather than a subterranean chamber. It is perhaps needless to say that of the three modes of interment in ancient British sarcophagi—namely, cremation, inhumation in an extended posture, and inhumation in a contracted fashion—the first is probably Roman and post-Roman, and the last most usual in pre-Roman England. The evidence for extended inhumation in Cornwall is scanty and dubious; the evidence for contracted interments is more dubious still, though in the Kist-Væens this mode of sepulture is more probable. In the genuine example at Trevelgue (on Lord Churston's property), the only question seems to be whether these "finds" of contracted skeletons do not represent the interments of some invading Normans, as the site of the

Nania Cornubia: a Descriptive Essay, illustrative of the Sepulchres and Funereal Customs of Early Cornwall. By William Copeland Botlase, B.A., F.S.A. London: Longmans & Co. Truro: Netherton. 1872a

barrow at the edge of a cliff over the sea, like Beowulf's grave, and the commonness of such interments in the north of Great Britain and in Scandinavia might seem to indicate. The Kist-Britain and in Scandinavia might seem to indicate. The Kist-Vaen, or cromlech of the second class, is, however, the more common type of Cornish sepulchre, and is a contracted representation of the dwelling of the deceased. As a rule, it would seem that the larger Kist-Vaens in Cornwall were meant for unburnt corpses; and, generally speaking, such instances as Pawton Kist-Vaen, and others like it in Cornwall, wherein extended interments are found, are not so much of the nature of Kist-Vaens proper ments are found, at each of the nature of Kist-vaens pipel as of quadrated stone graves, about which Mr. Borlase has an interesting digression. The occupants of such proper Kist-Vaens (wide and lofty in proportion to the length) as Chywoone and Bosporand rotty in proportion to the length as Chywoone and Dosporthennis, were deposited there for the most part singly and in a contracted position, nose to knees. That at Chywoone is said to be the most perfect and compact cromlech now existing in Cornwall, and the particulars of it may be summarized from Mr. Borlase's account. This building seems to have rested on the solid ground, and not on the surrounding tumulus. Two upright some seem to have been first reared at the east and west ends, six feet apart, the breadth of the latter four feet, of the former three feet ten inches, and the height of each six feet four. A flat block, in length eight feet four inches, is set aslant against their northern edges, serving both as a part of the fabric and a stay to the sides against which it rests. Up this slanting stone, by aid of an embankment and rollers, the convex granite capstone, twelve feet in length and breadth, and from fourteen inches to two feet in thickness, length and breadth, and from fourteen inches to two feet in thickness, has been raised to its present place. The height of the interior is seven feet, and in its centre, beneath the level of the natural soil, the body was interred. The chamber has been completed by a fifth stone, not reaching up to the capstone on the south side. The barrow or caim is thirty-two feet in diameter, hedged round with upright stones. Stones of smaller size in the interstices have appears as if the whole structure had once been totally buried in protected the interior of the kist from inroads of rubbish, and it the mound or tunulus. Only a fractured flint (not an instrument or implement) was found in it when it was explored in 1871. Around the other Kist-Vaen above-mentioned at Bosporthennis are ruins of hut circles—one of them the best specimen of the bechive type of hut in England—which represent the ground-plan of a large town. It was once covered, beyond a doubt, by the stones and earth around it. Its speciality is its circular capstone lying in the area, and no longer in situ. This was pronounced to stones and earth around it. Its speciality is its circular capstone lying in the area, and no longer in situ. This was pronounced to be unique, and the author has a good story of a genuine Cornu-Briton's explanation of this rude circular form as the work of Uncle Jan of Polmêor, the miller's, graving tool. His own inspection, however, leads him to think that it was originally oblong. The examples of chambered tumuli, or galleried graves, are extremely rare in Cornwall, and, occurring as they do near the sea, are suggestive of foreign construction, referable to a race of early pirates. The tumulus at Castle Euny curiously combines, however, the features of the stone grave, the ring barrow, the crombech, and the passage chamber, and links curiously combines, however, the features of the stone grave, the ring barrow, the cromlech, and the passage chamber, and links them all in the chain of the megalithic series. The dimensions of the passage chamber in this instance seem to indicate extended rather than contracted interment, for it is six feet in length by three or three feet six in breadth; but there is no evidence in the uniter, nor is it easy, according to Mr. Borlase, to find a graphine grample of the more certain contracted interments in genuine example of the more certain contracted interments in Cornwall, until we come to the examples at Trevelgue.

It is plainer sailing when we come to the second part of the Essay, which treats of interments by cremation—a practice seem-Essay, which treats of interments by cremation—a practice seemingly not posterior to inhumation at least in Cornwall, where the exceptional contracted interments point rather to Christian date and usage, and where the instances of cremation are so rude as to mark a very primitive people and epoch. Perhaps here, as in Britain generally, the two modes coexisted side by side, the latter finally getting the ascendant. In Guernsey and even in Cornwall, at Lower Lanyon, an entire carcass has been found in company with an urn. Mr. Borlase's excavation of the ground around some half-dozen of the menhirs or "long stones" of Cornwall, which are accounted "sometimes monuments and sometimes memorials of some half-dozen of the menhirs or "long stones" of Cornwall, which are accounted "sometimes monuments and sometimes memorials of important events," resulted in every instance in the discovery of charred wood, a deposit of splintered bones, ashes, and, in some cases, a small flint chip. The most important discovery was under the Tresvenneck granite obelisk in the parish of Paul. Close to this pillar, where the plough could not reach, a farmer struck his tool against a flat block of stone eighteen inches square. Under it was a pit of solid clay walls, in the centre of which was a very perfect sepulchral urn, nearly twenty inches high and fourteen broad at the mouth, containing calcined bones and a molar tooth, while splintered bones and wood ashes strewed the rest of the pit. The vessel, hand-made, is of yellowish clay, scarcely baked externally, but inwardly black and hard, from the ashes having been placed in it hot. It is large, curious, and has two handles. This is very much the character of all the urns found in such positions in Cornwall, and here, as not seldom elsewhere, a smaller urn is in close proximity. The larger cinerary urns are smaller urn is in close proximity. The larger cinerary urns are either vase-shaped or barrel-shaped; they are found set upright, or, as is often the case, mouth downwards; whilst the smaller urns, sometimes surmised to have been drinking vessels, food vessels, or receptacles of incense, can scarcely have been used for wessels, or receptacles of incense, can scarcely have been used for such purposes in Cornwall, as they are always found in company with ashes. Amongst the examples of larger cinerary urns given by Mr. Borlase we do not recollect to have come upon one like that at Broughton in Liucolnshire, where one inverted urn had

been made to fit the mouth of another standing upright. The

been made to fit the mouth of another standing upright. The author's researches abundantly prove the sepulciral nature of at least a large number of the Western menhirs, though some, like the Pipers and another pillar in Buryan parish, bear witness to a traditionary battle, or are parts of a commemorative monument.

It seems to us that the interest of this portion of Mr. Borlase's essay would have been more sustained if he had thrown into appendices several digressions which are of great intrinsic value, but which, as they are presented, distract the reader from the matter directly on hand. Thus we find the account of the burials by cremation in the neighbourhood of menhirs interrupted by an enumeration of the shapes and forms of Cornish mounds and barrows. Within this digression comes another on "Stone-Circles," one class of which, consisting of contiguous stones set on edge to enclose a rock, a few small mounds, or some uneven ground, is proved in many examples to be sepulchral. This ring of earth or stones was indeed an essential feature in the cairn-buildings of the West, whilst the upright stones on level ground apart from each other point rather to a civil than to a religious origin, and probably enclosed an area for popular assemblies. Another digression relates to the question whether the articles interred with the deceased were put there with a view to their utility in the next world. Mr. Borlase suggests that the few daggers, charms, drinking-vessels, gold cups, or ornaments which are found in Cornish barrows were deposited simply as votive offerings in token of affection. This too is the opinion of Canon Greenwell. Another question, whether "slave-killing" or "the suttee" was customary in Cornish barrows, he also answers in the negative. Only in the barrow near the Rosemoddress circle, near which tradition places the site of a battle-field, do the calcined ashes represent many bodies. Elsewhere, if there are tokens of a secondary deposit of ashes in a tumulus, it can be accounted for, in Mr. Borlase' barrow by the sacritice of slaves and kindred round the departed head of the family.

One of the most fruitful explorations of which Mr. Borlase

One of the most fruitful explorations of which Mr. Borlase preserves the record in the latter part of his volume was that of Veryan Beacon or Mound, the legendary burial-place of an old Cornish Saint and King. Here, by sinking narrow shafts, at the bottom of each of which were ashes and half-calcined bones and light-coloured clay, it became evident that secondary interments bottom of each of which were ashes and half-calcined bones and light-coloured clay, it became evident that secondary interments had been made several times over, each time seemingly as near as possible to some sacred remains beneath the cairn. Right in the centre, over which oblong stones had been placed erect one above another from the base to the apex of the pile, was found, in due course, the Kist-Vaen containing the resting-place of the old King. In Jewitt's Grave Mounds we also read of barrows in which there were no less than six successive sepulchral interments, some by cremation, and some by inhumation. Here, it would seem, all were burnt. Another very important exploration was at Morvah Hill, or Trevean, where a brass Roman coin of a later Emperor, found in a cinerary urn, marks a date anterior to which the deposit cannot have taken place, though it does not necessarily fix it within the period of Roman occupation of Britain. Mr. Borlase adduces cogent evidence to show that the hut-dwellings so frequent in Cornwall, and in so many features closely resembling the tumuli in structure, deposits, and relics, are referable also to the period of Romano-British occupation. The sepulchral pottery, he holds, must be handed over to post-Roman times, and connected with the inhabitants of the beehive huts. And he is inclined, by a careful comparison of Cornish interments, such for instance as those in Trevelgue Barrow, to abridge greatly the supposed lines of demarcation between the periods of inhumation and of burnt bone-chips. In one mound is a Kist with a contracted body; and in a stratum, so to speak, next above it a secondary interment of the incinerated type; and this mound—where the and of burnt bone-cnips. In one mound is a Risk with a contracted body; and in a stratum, so to speak, next above it a secondary interment of the incinerated type; and this mound—where the two interments were apparently nearly contemporaneous—is confessedly a most ancient Cornish sepulchre. From this and other observations the author infers that there is in Cornwall no great distance of time between the two modes of sepulture, and he case in the consideration of the stunendars crowleds. and he sees in the consideration of the stupendous cromlechs additional proofs of a later and metallic age. Whilst there is much in this essay to invite discussion and debate, its research and information are beyond all question.

BRADDON'S LIFE IN INDIA.

THE reproach which Mr. Braddon brings against the British public, of extraordinary ignorance in all matters relating not only to India but to the manner of life of their relatives and not only to india but to the manner of the of their relatives and fellow-countrymen in India, although undoubtedly a just one, yet admits of some faint degree of apology in the generally uninviting and technical character of what may be termed Anglo-Indian literature. The number of books descriptive of the country by persons competent to write about it is surprisingly small, if we consider how many Englishmen are resident there. Indian travels, the few that have been published, have been written for the most part by tourists passing rapidly through the country, who have never gone below the merest surface, and whose impressions

^{*} Life in India. By Edward Braddon. London: Longmans & Co.

are therefore usually both worthless and uninteresting. At the same time it should in fairness be mentioned that the most accurate and complete account of the appearance of those parts of India which they saw—always excepting Heber's journals, which to this day form the best guide-book to the country—have been given to us by two travellers whose stay there was in each case but brief, Dr. Hooker and Mr. Markham. Sir John Kaye has done a good deal by his various writings to popularize the work of our Indian statesmen and administrators, but, generally speaking, Indian residents have too near a view of their subject to enable them to make it clear or interesting to those who come to it with no previous knowledge. But any person who wishes to obtain a clear conception of the ordinary aspects of life in India as presented to the European resident will now find an effective aid in Mr. Braddon's pleasant and amusing sketches, which bear the impress of accurate observation and graphic description, and really leave no room for excuse for ignorance of the more superficial aspects of Indian life.

Mr. Braddon sets out by exposing the popular delusion that a hot English summer day bears anything more than a general resemblance to the climate of India:—

Major Porker, who is stout, and has a slight tendency in the direction of such uncomfortable ailments as apoplexy, walks from the Rag to his chambers in Jermyn Street on a July afternoon, and getting warm, propounds the dictum that it is as hot in London as it is in Calcutta. If Porker were to attempt to walk 400 yards on a July afternoon in Calcutta, dressed as he is, and in the hat he wears in London, the only matter of doubt as to the conclusion of this pedestrian feat would be whether coup de soleil or heat apoplexy carried him off first. Strange to say, many retired Anglo-Indians who have spent years in India appear wholly to forget what the Indian climate was, and fondly imagine that they are enjoying the summer warmth of Hindostan in the regions of Bayswater. . . But nowhere in Europe can heat like that of India be discovered, unless we betake ourselves to the oven, furnace, or hot-house to find it.

an heat like that of India be discovered, unless we betake ourselves to the oven, furnace, or hot-house to find it.

And certainly, judging from the strong impression which it appears to have usually left on the residents in India, the extraordinary heat must be the predominant and almost ever-present characteristic of the country. Not always present, however, for the differences in climate are almost as great in different parts of India as in different parts of Europe, and while the Southern part suffers from the perpetual heat of the tropics, the more Northerly regions, and especially the Punjab—the principal station of the European garrison of the country—have a cold season almost approaching to a South Italian winter. Another variation is produced by the differences of elevation. The Himalayas of course present almost every climate, from the tropical hot moisture of the spurs which run down into the plains of Bengal, to the almost arctic rigour of the eternal snow. But a quite temperate climate is found all the year round in the sanataria on the lofty Neilgherry hills, in the South of the peninsula, and at twice the elevation of Ben Nevis; while the tablelands of the West, when cooled down by the moisture brought in from the Indian Ocean during the periodic trade winds, furnish a climate vastly superior to what is met with in the same latitude towards the East, on the sultry low-lying plains of Bengal.

Very graphic is Mr. Braddon's account of the social life of our countrymen in the East, scattered about as they are in small groups at what are called "Civil stations"—the headquarters, namely, of the administratation of each of the counties or districts which make up an Indian proconsulate or province. Although it would appear that there is a good deal of sociability in these little communities, still even here the line of demarcation between what is within and what is without the pale of society seems to be as strictly defined as in an English country town. All is not ease and reciprocity even in the limited circle of one of these cases of white faces:—

white faces:—

Mr. Paikast, the deputy-collector, is in the unenviable position of hanging suspended, like a social Mahomet's coffin, somewhere between that aristocracy of which the judge is the head and a commonalty that has no head at all. No one of the upper ten (upper four or five more correctly) would, on the occasion of a station ball, use Mr. Paikast's house, if it were large enough (which it is not), or borrow his épergne, supposing the improbability of his having one. If fortune favour him, he may obtain a position in some or all of the station clubs. He may divide a sheep with the judge, the collector, and joint-magistrate; he may pore over those pages of the cheap magazines that have been skimmed by his official superiors, and he may enjoy other corporate privileges. He may be invited to station dances or unexclusive dinner parties as a matter of form; but though joining in these festivities, he is but a passive actor in them. He goes to the ball to find that every lady's programme is a sealed book to him. At the dinner he is driven by the rules of precedence to enter the dining-room last, and probably alone, and the banquet is for him about as lively as the entertainment of cake and wine provided for mourners at a funeral. His is indubitably an uncomfortable position. He may not become one of the "better class," and he cannot very well associate with the Jew shopkeeper or Eurasian clerks.

We do not understand whether Mr. Braddon would express approval of this rigorous ostracism, rendered necessary perhaps by the very isolation of these out-stations, but it strikes us that life in such places must, under any circumstances, be of a monotonous, not to say dreary kind, judging more particularly from the fact that private theatricals and balls appear to be the great resource against ennui. A condition under which a ball of a couple of dozen persons is regarded as an amusement, and where the performers at private theatricals are as numerous as the audience, must be one to which Sir Cornewall Lewis's famous apophthegm, that life would be very tolerable but for its pleasures, is peculiarly applicable. Whether intentionally or not, Mr. Braddon paints Indian station life in gloomy colours. On the other nand,

camp life in the cold weather, when the climate of Northern India is little short of perfection, must have its pleasurable side, where tents are employed of a solidity and completeness unknown to other countries, and the European official, carrying all his comforts and household gods with him, goes forth with his army of retainers and flocks and herds of patriarchal dimensions, wandering at will over his district—of a size equal perhaps to a couple of Yorkshires—pitching his tent wherever the village trees offer a favourable shade, his occupations diversified between the dispensation of justice and the pursuit of game, abundant without the aid of game laws. A life of this sort, undisturbed by wind or rain or interruption of any kind, with its combined freedom and retirement, is certainly in striking contrast to the bustling, fragmentary, spasmodic existence, made up of keeping engagements and catching trains, to which most of us here are doomed; and the attractions which it appears to possess for most Anglo-Indians are readily understood.

In a useful chapter on the natives of the country, Mr. Braddon endeavours to dispel the extraordinary ignorance of English people regarding that generic personage, the native. For it is in truth extraordinary—indeed it is quite one of the phenonema connected with our rule in India—that we should know so little about them as we do. People talk glibly about "the natives," and the "teeming millions" of Hindostan (by the way, it is not the millions which teem, as is the fashion to say, but the land which teems with them), who have not the faintest idea that the civilization of India is as complex as that which exists here, and that the diversity of race and language is even greater there than is to be found in Europe. Notwithstanding our intimate connexion with India, social as well as commercial—and there is hardly an English middle-class family which has not a relative there—we literally know no more about it than we do about the obscure parts of South America, or the South Sea Islands. One reason is, we believe, the discovery of this unhappy appellation "the natives" to express the people of India, which operates as a balm for our indolence, discouraging further inquiry. A more potent one is, of course, that there is really so little information available about India in a readable form. Not that India is not made very free use of for certain literary purposes. When a young couple in a novel, without any apparent means of subsistence, have to be provided for, the difficulty is generally surmounted by shipping the hero off to India to a valuable diplomatic appointment; or if a competence has to be earned by any member of the family in a ridiculously short space of time, the person in question goes out to India to procure it, such arrangements being absolutely impossible under the Act of Parliament regulating admission to the Indian Civil Service, the entrance to official life in India being, in fact, fenced round with incavable conditions. Even so well-informed a writer as Miss Sewell makes the father of Amy Herbe

NOTICE

We beg leave to state that we decline to return rejected communications; and to this rule we can make no exception.

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